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November 26, 1977

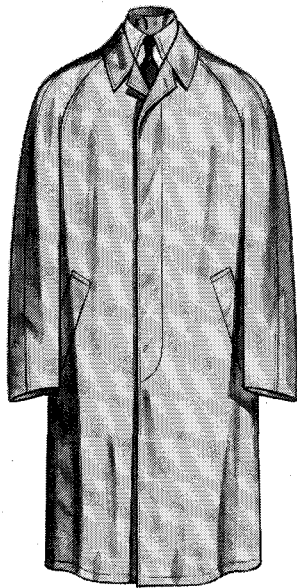
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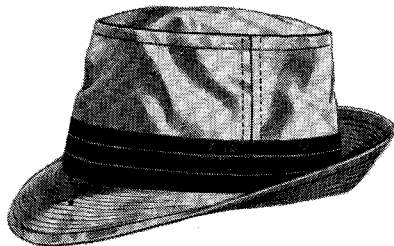
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TRB

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Unplugged Leaks

One Tuesday afternoon in July 1971 a 35-year-old strategic weapons expert at the Defense Department felt the clammy metal electrodes, the tapes and the blood and pulse-measuring gadgets, strapped to his bare flesh as he prepared for the lie detector test which he had voluntarily accepted. He denied that he had given the *New York Times* the page-one story about the progress of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) of Nixon negotiators at Helsinki. William Van Cleave sat half naked in Room 16 of the Executive Office Building wearing rubber tubes and pressure cuffs because President Nixon couldn't stand any more leaks after the Pentagon Papers. (The Pentagon Papers leak caused J. Edgar Hoover, in behalf of Henry Kissinger, to wiretap 17 Kissinger aides and newsmen, including William Safire, Marvin Kalb and Joe Kraft.)

The House judiciary committee's transcript of the secret White House tapes of June 24 have President Nixon talking to John Ehrlichman and Egil (Bud) Krogh of the new Plumbers' unit:

President: Polygraph him!

Krogh: Yes, sir.

President: You understand?

Krogh: Yes sir, I do.

President: I've studied these cases long enough and it's always a son-of-a-bitch that leaks. . . .

They gave Van Cleave the lie detector test and, to everybody's mortification (excepting Van Cleave), he proved innocent. But though cleared by the machine he lost his academic consultancy with the administration and was stigmatized within the defense establishment. (See David Wise, *The American Police State*, 1976).

Now it is 1977 and a million years later. A new President is pushing a new round of disarmament SALT talks with the Russians and there are leaks every day. The disclosures make the situation grave, and things are turning sour. The leaks are designed to sabotage the talks and Senator John Culver, Democrat of

Iowa, now angrily demands an investigation.

If they are going to use polygraphs again most reporters would suggest the area around the staff of Senator Henry Jackson, hawkish chairman of the armed services subcommittee. This committee has been holding "secret" SALT hearings.

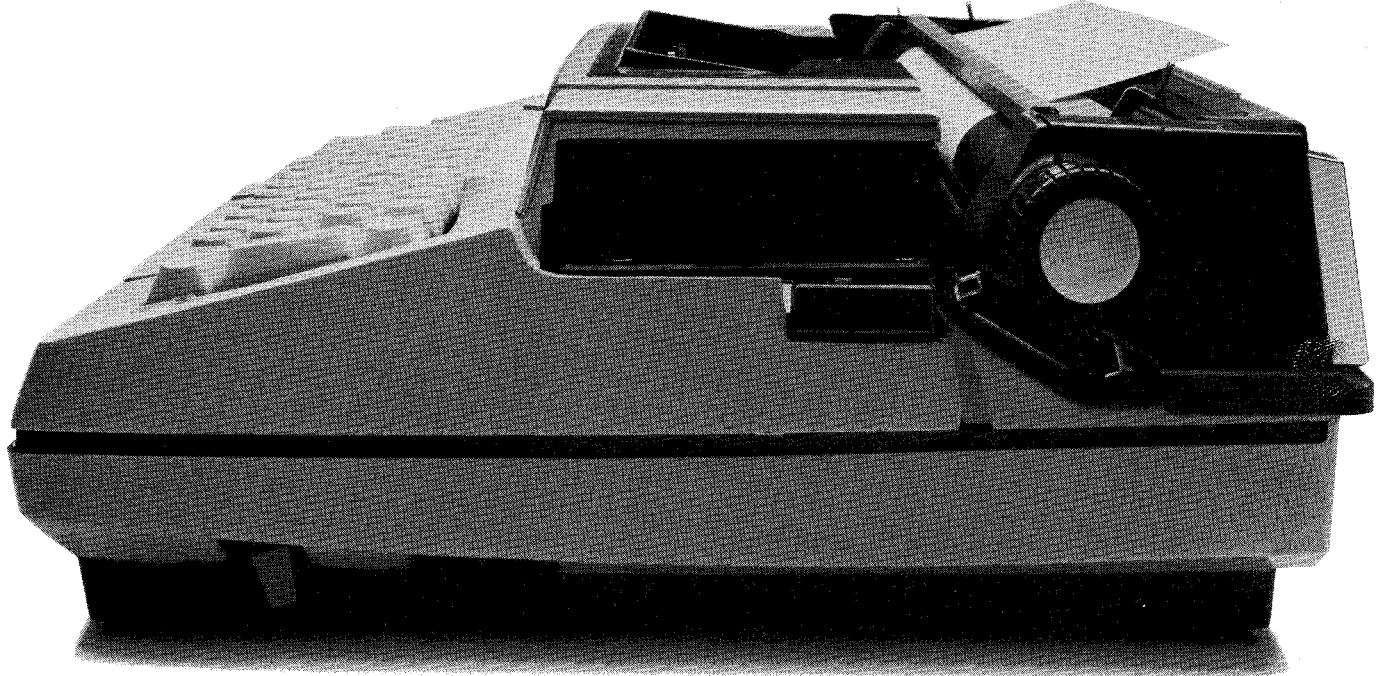
Any disarmament treaty with the Soviets requires a two-thirds Senate majority. This means that 34 senators can beat it—no great shakes of an achievement when you consider that most of the 38 Republicans are conservatives and that eight or 10 Democrats would probably vote against any agreement with Moscow on any subject at any time. In parliamentary terms the situation is like that on the upcoming Panama Canal treaty except that disapproval of Panama probably would mean a new Vietnam-type guerrilla war in the jungles for a period of years, while abrupt rejection of the forthcoming arms control agreement with the Soviets could have vaster consequences—deadlier nuclear weapons, probable end of detente and, very likely, a catastrophic new arms race. Some see a decision ahead like that when the Senate tackled the League of Nations issue in 1920; at all times it had a majority for approval of the League, but never the required two-thirds Constitutional majority.

Jerry Ford and Henry Kissinger had an interim agreement all but worked out with the Soviets but Jimmy Carter came in with a far more ambitious proposal—one which, unfortunately, the Soviets rejected last March. Now there's a new formula which theoretically hasn't been unveiled yet but whose details, curiously enough, are denounced every day by anti-Communist hardliners. They have one big problem yet to decide: are the American negotiators simply poltroons or are they actual traitors? They are bartering away American security! It is already guerrilla war of an emotional character which threatens to become ferocious in a few months. It is difficult to meet the leak tactics when the actual treaty hasn't been announced yet and is presumably still incomplete.

The funny thing is that President Carter thought he was obviating all this trouble. Last June Vice President Mondale set up a broad-based bipartisan committee of 25 senators as "congressional advisers." There is another committee in the House. They are supposed to lubricate the formulation of the treaty. The administration went to

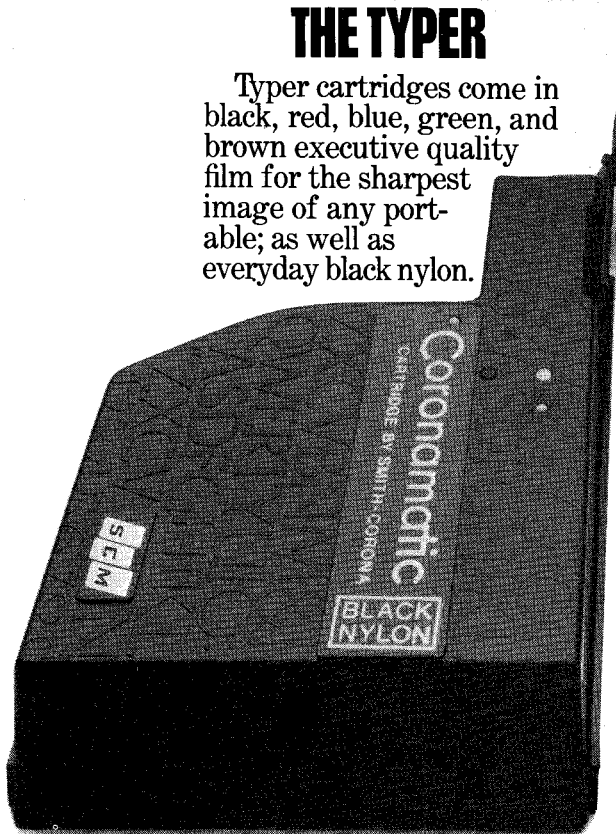
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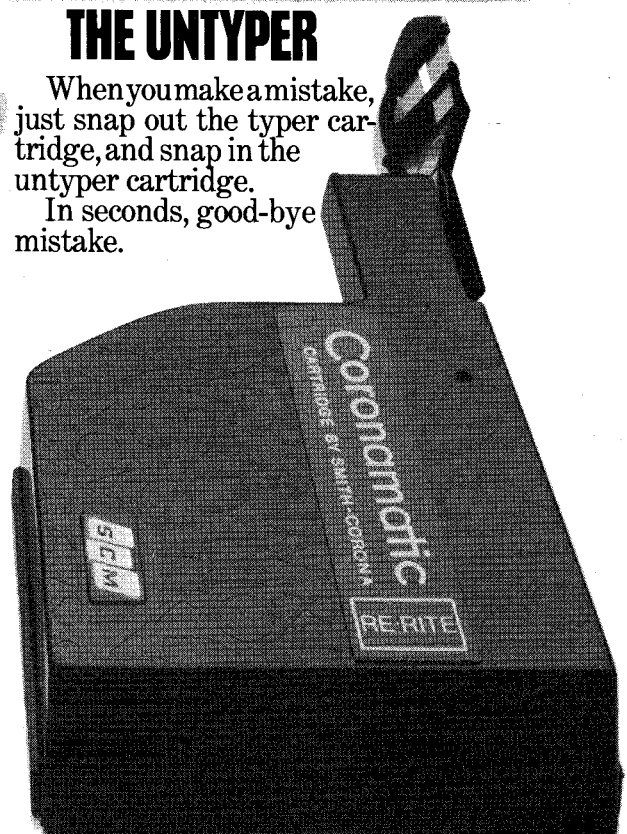
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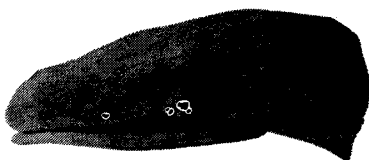
We neglected to give credit last week to the Bettmann Archive for permission to reprint the painting *Dr. Johnson Dining at the Cheshire Cheese* by *F. M. Bennett*. We regret the omission.

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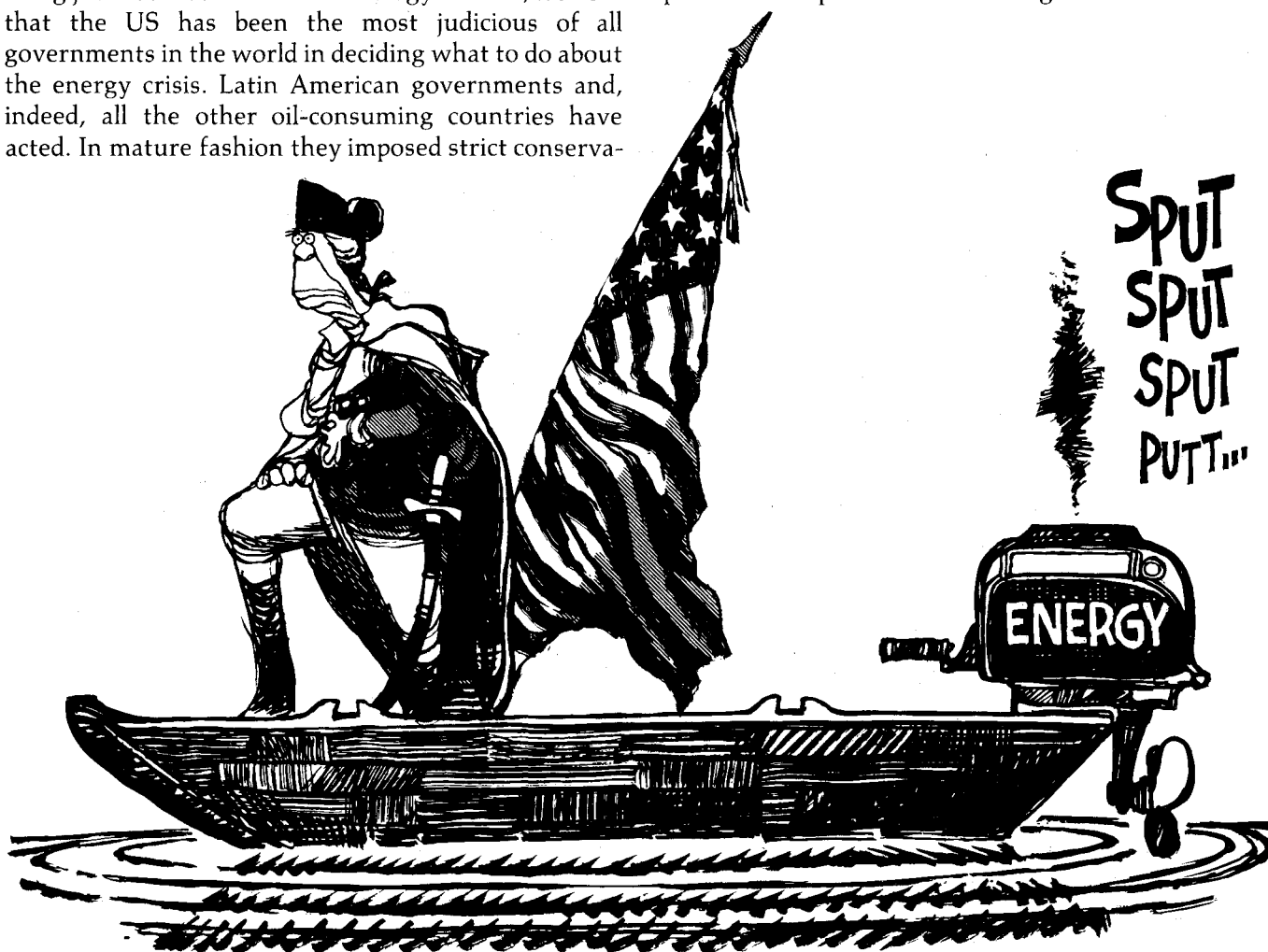
November 26, 1977



Is America Ready for Democracy?

When a Latin or other third-world government wallows in indecision, flounders with ineptitude and drifts toward catastrophe, we smile benevolently (perhaps) and say that it is immature. But when the United States behaves in a similar fashion, we say it is being judicious. With this terminology in mind, we note that the US has been the most judicious of all governments in the world in deciding what to do about the energy crisis. Latin American governments and, indeed, all the other oil-consuming countries have acted. In mature fashion they imposed strict conserva-

tion measures, raised prices and reduced the amount of oil they import. These decisions were hard. Meanwhile, in the four years since the Arab embargo, the US has done virtually nothing to reduce its own consumption or to dismantle the oil cartel. Quite the opposite, it permits oil imports into the US to grow at the rate of six



Drawing by Mike Peters Dayton Daily News 1977©

percent a year. Nearly half the oil we use now comes from foreign producers. This uncurbed appetite contributes to the rest of the world's hardship by helping to prop up the cartel.

It is just possible that Congress will go home for Christmas this year without enacting an energy bill. The chance of having no bill is slight, given the fuss that's been made, but it exists. Congress has ducked the issue before. Two previous Presidents spoke of the oil problem as a challenge to our national will, called for legislation and were sent packing with nothing. Those Presidents were Republicans, and their energy programs were unflinchingly biased in favor of business. Nixon wanted to dispense a variety of federal grants and subsidies to energy companies through an emergency plan called "Project Independence." Oil companies already had taken in huge profits through the price increases of 1973 and 1974, and Congress saw no need to add federal money to their cash flow. Besides, Nixon was on the way out.

President Ford reintroduced the subsidy plan. It died again. He proposed to remove federal price ceilings on oil and natural gas. In addition, he tried to lessen the financial risk in experimental energy projects by putting a floor under the price of oil. This was intended to give investors in shale and coal gas a federal insurance policy against bankruptcy. The Democratic Congress was not impressed. Ford's plans seemed inflationary, over-generous to business and hard on the consumer. They would have given away what little authority the government had over natural gas lines. The Democrats expected to win the 1976 election, and so they decided to stall until the new man moved into the White House.

Within three months of Jimmy Carter's inauguration the new energy czar, James Schlesinger, put together a package similar to Ford's, but different in two important respects. First, most of the extra money generated by raising the prices of domestic oil would not accrue to the companies as profit, but to the government as tax revenue. Everybody agrees that domestic oil prices should reflect the world price, which is set by OPEC, in order to discourage consumption. Second, federal control over natural gas prices would not be withdrawn, but extended to cover intrastate as well as interstate gas sales. Because of the shift in emphasis, the Carter plan is unpopular with business. This time the companies are lobbying against action, just as consumers did before. Their complaint is that government regulations caused the shortage, and Carter's program would only multiply the regulations. Their strength is in the Senate, which has effectively resisted the administration all fall.

The stalemate is best illustrated in the quarrel over natural gas prices, a dispute that has simmered and grown uglier every year since 1970. It fell to its lowest point this year when some senators who supported

Carter's program staged a filibuster to block a pro-industry bill. They knew that the administration would lose the vote, but they hoped they could grind down the opposition by delay. In the end it became clear that no compromise was possible. The pro-industry group didn't want to begin bargaining until they went to conference with the House, which had passed a bill pretty much like the one President Carter wanted. Vice President Mondale, acting as president of the Senate, walked into the fray and put an end to the filibuster. For this he was denounced not only by the administration's allies, whose filibuster he stopped, but also by senators on the other side. They simply resented his interference. Both sides, it seemed, would have preferred to wallow in the bog of indecision.

Paralysis still grips Congress. After Mondale broke the filibuster, the Senate adopted the industry's view, voting to remove all federal controls on newly discovered natural gas. The House upheld the President's side, insisting that federal controls be extended to cover not just the national pipelines, but also local "intrastate gas." (Last winter gas was selling intrastate, in places like Texas, at a price way above the regulated price, while consumers in states without local gas supplies went without. Industry spokesmen offer this as proof that regulation doesn't work; pro-regulation voices argue that the intrastate exemption is what causes it not to work.) The House also set a price ceiling for new gas of \$1.75 per thousand cubic feet. That's about four times the ceiling permitted in 1973. The industry claims that Carter's plan won't allow for enough profit—that an incentive of \$2 per thousand feet is necessary to encourage drilling in some richer but deeper gas fields that haven't been tapped. The House and Senate delegates to the conference writing the final version of the energy bill haven't begun to thrash this one out.

Rumor has it that President Carter will be willing to agree to a price ceiling higher than \$1.75 if the principle of federal regulation is kept as set out in the House bill. Learning of this and fearing that the President might make a deal with the Senate, 67 House members who voted for the President's bill announced last month they would refuse to vote for the bill if it "provides any significant increase in price" over the original figure of \$1.75. On October 25 they wrote to the President to warn that they would not budge on this point in conference negotiations. Since then, several members of the group have told reporters that they would rather kill the energy plan than agree to what they believe would be exorbitant profits for the gas companies.

Carter is under pressure to appease the Senate in order to get a bill. He may concede, just as Mondale did during the Senate filibuster. The combatants in this brawl believe the President is so eager for a compromise that he will sign anything at this point. They point to the slump in his public approval rating and his battering

(continued on page 8)

Correspondence

Human Rights

To the editors:

Alan Tonelson adopts the typical "sophisticated" and supercilious view of Carter's earlier emphasis on human rights, regarding it as unrealistic, overly moralistic and self-defeating ("Pitfalls of Morality," *TNR*, Oct. 29). He believes softpedalling the issue and promoting detente will eventually do more for human rights. That is an arguable position but his theory that human rights in Russia are better respected when detente is thriving can hardly survive historical analysis.

The purges and horrors of the 1930s took place after Roosevelt recognized Russia and sought to establish cordial relations with it. Khrushchev's "Great Thaw" began during John Foster Dulles' hard-line approach toward Russia. Brezhnev cracked down on dissidents (as Tonelson concedes) during the zenith of the Nixon-Kissinger detente. These harsh periods didn't occur just because of American foreign policy but certainly they ill support Tonelson's views.

Of course, America should not adopt a bellicose or provocative attitude toward Russia or other dictatorships, but if we made it clear that our favors will be restricted to countries which either protect the basic rights of man or are becoming more respectful of them, we would be adhering to the best of our traditions. Let dictatorships solve their own problems.

Reo M. Christenson
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

The Bakke case

To the editors:

Your comments on the Bakke case ("Disadvantaged Groups, Individual Rights," *TNR*, Oct. 15) had all the contorted logic and gratuitous cleverness of a freshman term-paper. As such, they rank but a notch below a previous editorial on instant voter registration.

One example: You claim that pumping "new blood" into the upper stratum of the establishment will help only a few of the disadvantaged peoples. However, given a healthy representation in the elites, blacks and Hispanic-Americans

will be able to force substantive progress on behalf of their disenfranchised brothers and sisters. Any white power-broker will tell you that power makes up for numbers; thus, the disenfranchised, once represented, would need no longer be satisfied with an idle white statesman clucking softly at the plight of the blackamoor.

Timothy D. Carlson
Cleveland, Ohio

To the editors:

Reverse discrimination is indeed undesirable. It is resorted to in an attempt to provide the equality of opportunity that is the theoretical second axiom to the merit system of hierarchy. (The first being that merit is measurable.) A better attempt to validate in fact the equality of opportunity would be to disassemble the barriers erected by elites in their own purely economic interests. Specifically, the professional associations' "guild rules" controlling the total number of

available professional school places should be outlawed as the discriminatory and segregationist devices they in fact are. All who are equally qualified (by meeting the minimum standards set for training admission) ought to be permitted to begin training (whenever they become qualified, after however much remedial preparation achieves their level of potential). Certification ought to be guaranteed for all who are able to complete the courses and testings.

Thomas A. Poelker
St. Louis, Missouri

A healthy bloodbath

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke ("How Much Blood Makes a Bloodbath?" *TNR*, Oct. 1) admits that all the data concerning Cambodia can be justifiably challenged (as much of it has been by Gareth Porter, as Kondracke himself points out), and that the numerical estimates of such people as Barron and Paul are no doubt inaccurate. Kondracke contends that

(continued on page 46)

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in the press and in Congress, and they say he is desperate for an energy bill, any bill. Some foxes in the Senate hope to play on this desperation to win concessions. Natural gas is only one issue, the hottest one, in this category. Other planks that might be weakened have to do with the tax on crude oil at the wellhead, federally mandated increases in industrial electric rates, the tax on industrial use of oil, and the tax on gas-guzzling cars. The Senate also may want to throw in a few subsidies, for example, to producers of shale oil, as the bill goes by.

The bargaining process has begun to soften what was a rather mild proposal to begin with. In trying to reach the lowest common denominator, Congress often avoids pain and seeks subsidies. This case is no exception. The painful parts of this bill are the sections that would raise taxes and prices. They also happen to be crucially important, because they provide the only instrument the government can use to reduce oil consumption. The House and Senate negotiators are sidling away from them, as they have in the past, and taking a keen interest instead in subsidies and procedural minutiae.

A silent conspiracy works to undermine Congress's nerve. This is the knowledge that most Americans would be content to see nothing come out of the energy conference, while almost any proposal to restrict the use of oil or gas—however mild—is certain to offend someone. Offended people vote against the incumbent. Our legislators also know that the only efficient way to spread the hardship of the energy crisis is to raise prices. Most of them agree that sacrifice is necessary and that it is best accomplished by raising prices. But they cannot agree how it should be done. As long as they disagree on methods, they cannot make a decision. That is the conspiracy: they agree to disagree, and thereby offend no one. The public has a part in it too. It tolerates the charade. Everyone is comfortable this way, temporarily.

Not doing something is a form of action. By not cutting back oil imports, the US has accomplished several things since 1973. It has permitted the oil-dependent element of the economy to grow. It has made more difficult the task of switching from an oil-wasting economy to an efficient one. It has increased America's debt to OPEC and piled up dangerous imbalances in the global system of finance. Prices must rise. Whether they go up by means of a tax or simple price increases (meaning higher profits) is not of overriding importance. It is important that the decision be made quickly. Carter's proposal for dividing the revenues from the price increase between the public (as tax revenue) and industry (as profit) is not a pure solution. It is clumsy and confusing. But it attempts to be even-handed in distributing the hardship. The Senate, we think, would be wrong to tamper with this bill, the best compromise on energy policy that has come along in four years.

Sadat's Courage, Begin's Desire

By the time you are reading this, if the bubble does not burst, President Anwar el-Sadat of Egypt already will have visited Israel and addressed the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. We will not know what will come of this astounding development—or even, as of this writing, whether it will actually take place. But we hold our breaths, cross our fingers, and venture to predict that the event will take place and that, furthermore, it will turn out to be a significant breakthrough in the 30-year-old Middle East deadlock.

The venture poses perils for both leaders, as well as for their countries. Sadat has broken the Arab taboos against talking directly with Israel, and against negotiating separately—that is to say, without his never-say-die colleagues. So he will be torn between trying to recover the Sinai for Egypt, and retaining some standing as a general leader of the Arab cause. The Syrians already have made their displeasure known—and felt. This merely emphasizes what is clear at any rate: that Sadat's presence and even his good will do not make the demands of the Syrians—to say nothing of those of the PLO—more palatable to the Israelis, and should not. Begin will be under enormous pressure to be as responsive to Sadat's initiative as he can be. But no one can reasonably expect Begin to respond, "My country for your speech," or to expose Israel to concrete hazards on the Golan and the West Bank simply in order to reciprocate Sadat's gesture. Which means that by encouraging Sadat to visit, Begin risks giving new life to the slurs of Israeli intransigence.

The Egyptian gesture is an important one. And Israel must be ready to deal generously and openly with Egypt, whose interests are genuinely separable from the wider conflict in the Middle East. Sadat has dramatically demonstrated that to his own people. In 1971 he told his cheering Parliament, "We are ready to offer one million martyrs and we will not budge, retreat or enter into bargains." Just weeks ago he told that same body—again to cheers—that he would do anything for peace rather than see a single Egyptian soldier die. Each of these statements may be hyperbole. Yet together they indicate how far Sadat has come. The reason for this seachange is surely not a miraculous conversion to the ways of peace. It probably has more to do with the desperate, even hopeless economic circumstances of the Egyptian people and Sadat's anxiety to prevent the Soviet Union from regaining the influence in Middle Eastern affairs that President Carter seems determined to guarantee it if the main channel for peace is the Geneva conference. (The Soviets immediately criticized Sadat's initiative as a blow to Arab unity.) But these explanations of Sadat's motivation should not give anyone any excuse to question Sadat's real intentions. Those, like Begin's, will be seen clearly enough during the negotiations.

What Begin must do is to encourage Sadat along his new path, for the good of both their peoples. Begin surely knows that he also must use this occasion with Sadat to probe for opportunities with Israel's other neighbors. Indeed he already has invited the heads of state of Syria, Jordan and Lebanon to similar talks. Egypt, of course, denies that it intends to cut its own deal with Israel. It also has reiterated the standard unrealistic demands of Arab politics. All of this notwithstanding, Sadat's initiative was meant to give the slip to the Geneva noose which the US had been so obsessively preparing. Egypt does not want its destiny and hopes for peace inextricably bound up with either Syria's imperial designs or the paralyzing visions of Palestinian nationalism. Sadat has nothing to gain and all to lose in a peace conference that will have the most extreme Arab position as the common Arab denominator.

Even as the US government formally welcomed the Sadat-Begin liaison, about which it clearly knew much less than Walter Cronkite, officials in Washington could not repress their churlish disappointment that Israel and Egypt may actually come together alone precisely to avoid the format that Dr. Zbigniew Brzezinski's logical mind had fixed on as the only possible format. Both sides of the Middle East dispute are so disenchanted with United States maneuverings that they used Romanian diplomats, rather than Americans, as their go-betweens in arranging Sadat's visit. We do not think that a comprehensive settlement with one trans-national Arab representation is either a sound goal or a sound tactic. The prospects for peace would be much greater if the US administration would revive something like the step-by-step approach, isolating out isolatable problems, even though this technique carries the imprimatur of Henry Kissinger, the country's first tacit shadow Secretary of State.

Carter will be reluctant to forego Geneva, on which he has staked so much of his prestige. But if everyone must gather in Geneva at Christmastime to please him, let the Russians and the Americans and the Israelis and the Arabs gather 'round and decorate a big Christmas tree.

Secrecy Lives

Jimmy Carter campaigned last year, as we all know, on a platform of openness and candor in government. He diagnosed the country's moral ills as being partly the result of habits of secrecy acquired in previous administrations. As President, he has changed a few things. He conducts international diplomacy so publicly that even his friends are disconcerted. He has been keeping to his promise to hold at least 20 press

conferences a year. He was up to 19 in mid-November, and had engaged in 15 additional question sessions with non-Washington editors. Attorney General Griffin Bell has directed federal agencies to comply with requests under the Freedom of Information Act unless "demonstrable harm" would result, and he has brought in a battalion of agents to sort through backed-up FOIA inquiries at the FBI.

At the same time, the administration's initial proposals to reform the security classification system would only perpetuate the secrecy mania of the federal bureaucracy. More disturbing, the Justice Department repeatedly has argued in court and in Congress for serious encroachments on freedom of the press. Overall, the administration record on "openness" is inconsistent. This would be about normal for Washington, but Jimmy Carter made a special claim that his administration would be exceptionally dedicated to candor, and so we find its performance unacceptable.

Secrecy is a natural tendency of bureaucracy. Few efforts of government work so well that those involved hanker after continuous public scrutiny. To the contrary, outside attention produces only "flaps," misunderstandings, demands for change, disquietude, insecurity. Darkness protects the bureaucratic organism; status accrues to those who valiantly keep out the light. Those in the bureaucracy who expose it to public attention are treated as the most vile form of traitor. The ostracism and punishments visited upon whistle-blowers—Ernest Fitzgerald at the Pentagon, Victor Marchetti at the CIA—illustrate the extent to which bureaucracies consider secrecy vital to their well-being.

If the Carter administration is truly dedicated to the idea that more scrutiny improves government, then it will have to do better than the draft executive order it circulated this Fall as a replacement for Richard Nixon's rules of secrecy classification. The draft order does not clearly reduce the number of people and agencies authorized to classify information. It does not require officials to justify classification decisions, or create incentives for public release. It does not narrow standards for classification, or necessarily shorten the period during which secrets will be kept.

In its worst feature, the draft perpetuates and appears to extend the CIA's system of requiring employees to sign an agreement never to reveal secrets that have been learned on the job. This is a device to silence whistle blowers forever. It places them in legal jeopardy even if what they reveal has been kept secret improperly. Victor Marchetti, as an example, is required to clear anything he writes about the CIA and to prove he did not learn about it at the Agency. It is one thing for government to punish an employee who illegally reveals government secrets. Security contracts, on the other hand, force government employees to agree in advance to restrictions on their free speech

more severe than those the government could impose by means of the criminal law.

The draft order on classification, to the administration's credit, was widely circulated for outside comment and may be changed substantially. On the other hand, there is little sign that the Justice Department is open to persuasion on issues of freedom of the press. Justice persistently has supported legal efforts that would force reporters to disclose confidential news sources, would impose gag orders restricting press coverage of court proceedings and threaten both news coverage of government agencies and public access to documents. In a speech to the New England Society of Newspaper Editors, the executive director of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, Jack Landau, charged that "in its first nine months in office, the Carter administration has compiled a dangerous record of supporting government secrecy and censorship."

One of the Nixon administration's plumbing tricks was to secretly subpoena telephone company records of long distance calls made by news agencies. A group of reporters has sued for the right to be notified when their phone records are subpoenaed and for the opportunity to challenge the validity of the subpoenas. But Justice is arguing that journalists have no first-amendment right to keep the government from knowing whom they are talking to. In another case, the Carter Justice Department argued that two West Virginia reporters should be held in criminal contempt for refusing to disclose information they had collected at a union rally. Justice has also supported provisions of the new criminal code consolidation and reform bill permitting judges to jail reporters for refusing to disclose their sources or for hiding notes to conceal the identity of sources who may be wanted for a crime.

Justice also has been friendly toward the idea that judges can prevent lawyers and other participants in legal cases from talking to the press. It has made that argument itself in the Karen Silkwood case in Oklahoma, apparently with the purpose of concealing evidence of illegal activities by the FBI. In a case now pending before the US Supreme Court, Justice reportedly is prepared to argue that press organizations have no rights to challenge a judge's gag order, even though their ability to report what is happening obviously is affected by such orders. A provision eliminated from the new version of S-1 would have permitted punishment of a reporter who publishes a news article in violation of a judicial gag order, even if the order is later ruled invalid by a higher court. Justice supported the original language.

Nor did Justice object to original language in the Senate bill that would have made it a crime to "improperly" criticize a public servant, publish a "stolen" government report, possess the original copy of an official document or obstruct the government's "information control" functions. These provisions have

been taken out of the new post-Nixon criminal reform bill, but not at the urging of the Carter administration.

In two other cases, the administration is asserting that the Secret Service has an absolute right to refuse White House press passes to anyone on grounds of "national security," and is contending that the Freedom of Information Act does not forbid the government from destroying or giving away documents it does not wish to release. This latter case involves an effort to prevent the government from turning over Henry Kissinger's telephone transcripts to Kissinger, who no longer is subject to the FOIA.

If the administration's positions were to carry the day in these and other cases, the paper-shredder and the moving van would be installed as officially-designated devices for escaping public disclosure. Government officials could arbitrarily bar unwelcome press coverage. Judicial proceedings could be conducted in secret. Confidential news sources could be exposed by stealth or threat. Whistleblowers would be silenced and federal secrecy perpetuated. This sounds to us like Richard Nixon's America, not the one Jimmy Carter promised.

Trojan Horse at the FEC

In the current tussle between the White House and the Republican congressional leadership over appointments to the Federal Elections Commission, both sides have argued soundly and acted foolishly. There are two openings on the Commission to be filled by presidential appointment. Though it's not required, it is assumed that one will go to each party. The problem is that after soliciting recommendations for the Republican appointment from the minority leadership in Congress, Senator Howard Baker and Representative John Rhodes, President Carter declined to pick someone from their list. Instead, he chose his own Republican, a fellow named Sam Zagoria.

As a result, a minor appointment has now been blown up into a major confrontation. Baker and Rhodes claim that in picking Zagoria, Carter violated an agreement he made with them back in February on how appointments to such bipartisan boards and commissions would be handled. The agreement, they say, was patterned after one that existed between President Ford and the Democratic leadership and was honored by both sides. Rhodes charges that by naming his own Republican, thereby determining who shall represent both parties, Carter is threatening the integrity of the election commission itself as a nonpartisan body. He has a point there.

The President rejoins, in effect, that the Republican leadership is at fault for submitting only two names for him to choose from. When he asked for more, they first

refused and stubbornly sent back the same two names. Later, they added one more. The view at the White House seems to be that being forced to choose from such a short list effectively cedes to the opposition leaders the power to make the nomination, which by law rests with the President. Carter also insists he will not appoint a commissioner of either party who is unsympathetic to the law he or she is expected to administer. Also good points.

So much for the principles. The political fact is that Carter is attempting to install a ringer. A former member of the National Labor Relations Board, Sam Zagoria is now director of the labor-management relations service at the US Conference of Mayors. His official sponsor for the FEC nomination is Senator Clifford Case, a liberal Republican with a rating of better than 90 percent from the political arm of the AFL-CIO. Zagoria also has bona fide Republican credentials, but Baker and Rhodes justifiably suspect that he may turn out to be a pro-labor vote on the elections commission. The major partisan battles at the FEC, past and future, mainly concern technicalities relating to labor and corporate political action committees. The GOP leadership figures that Carter may be trying to settle those issues adverse to their interests by naming a member of their own party who will vote with the opposition and thereby tip the majority on the commission in a Democratic direction for a long time to come. Carter's appointees will be around for the next six years. Public financing might well be extended to cover congressional elections during that time. Carter favors this. Such an expansion would require an entire new set of regulations. It would also greatly increase the regulatory power of the FEC and thus the political importance of the Zagoria appointment.

Both parties treat the FEC as a political boneyard. Whenever a vacancy occurs, the lists of potential appointees are long on retired or defeated members of Congress, or their aides. The justification is that familiarity with political campaigns helps these people to understand (read "be sympathetic to") the delicate problems of receiving and reporting political funds under the hectic circumstances of elections. In truth, these people often have personal and political ties to the campaigns they are supposed to regulate impartially. That does not seem to be viewed as a liability.

In this particular regard, Sam Zagoria looks better than Carter's appointee to the Democratic opening, John McGerry. McGerry has one reference on his resume, that of Tip O'Neill. So the principle of deference to the congressional leadership in making regulatory appointments has been reestablished on one side of the aisle—the wrong side.

It is obvious that the Democratic President and the leadership of the Republican opposition have not negotiated a workable arrangement for appointments to bipartisan commissions. Enjoying a large majority in the Senate, where most presidential appointments

must be ratified, the Democrats could destroy the bipartisan principle essential to a body like the FEC. President Carter does not seem to be a man inclined to do that sort of thing, but Baker and Rhodes are right to put up a fuss on this point, even in a battle they're certain to lose.

White House Watch

Tennis, Folks?

For the purposes of this report and at this writing on November 16, the big news from the White House is not that the Shah and Shabanouh of Iran and President and Mrs. Carter were reduced to televised weeps by tear gas loosed by the police upon pro-Shah and anti-Shah combatants at the moment when Carter was saying on the south lawn of the White House that the Shah's visit provided occasion for interesting mutual experiences. The big news is that the President is letting his wife Rosalynn and his daughter Amy play tennis on what he regards as his White House tennis court.

The tennis court matter is not trivial. It is indicative of a trait of the President that goes to the core of his presidency. Last spring a photocopy of a memo to members of the White House staff from Hugh Carter, Jr., the President's assistant for White House administration and son of Jimmy Carter's first cousin, boyhood companion and successor in the Georgia Senate when the President was Governor of Georgia, Hugh Carter Sr., was published by *The Washington Post*. It said that nobody was to use the White House tennis court without the President's personal permission. A senator with excellent White House staff connections told me recently that the tennis court memo is "the tip of the iceberg"; that it continues to typify an excessive preoccupation with detail that seems absurd to influential senators and House members and contributes to their doubt about Carter's wisdom and judgment. It's one of several characteristics that make them wonder whether in the tenth month of his presidency Carter yet realizes the differences between Atlanta and Washington and between being Governor of Georgia and President of the United States. I think he does. But the persistence of the wonder among such people as the senator I am quoting is interesting.

Back to the tennis court and the management of same. A joke at the White House used to be, if you want to play on the White House court just ask the President. Now you ask Susan Clough (pronounced clow as in now), the President's secretary. The reason for the shift in management is not that Carter is embarrassed

by the disclosure that he personally dictated access or non-access to the court. One hears that it seemed perfectly natural to him that he and nobody else should permit or deny access to his court. The reason is that the Carters are using the court so often that there just isn't much time left for Carter assistants and their guests to use it. According to Mrs. Carter's spokespersons, Mary Hoyt and Ann Anderson, the President's wife is playing tennis for the first time since her girlhood in Georgia, near Plains. She's taking lessons from a pro and practices with a ball machine on the court. The President calls her from the Oval Office or his hideaway next door toward the end of his working day and suggests a session on the court. They generally don't keep score and don't play to win or lose. They plunk the ball back and forth. Good practise for her and for him, he is said to tell her. Who daughter Amy plays or plunks with I failed to determine, to my shame. Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter played or plunked on the cold days of early November, on the open White House court and on the court at Camp David, the presidential retreat in the Maryland mountains that the Carters favor and visit increasingly often on weekends and over holidays. One of Mrs. Carter's assistants plays tennis. She has never been invited to play on the White House court and has seen her boss and the President on it only from a distance.

A final tennis note, having to do with the White House pecking order. One is told that Hamilton Jordan, the assistant who would be the President's chief of staff if the President would admit that he needs a chief of staff, plays on the White House court only when the President invites him to play, usually as Carter's partner in doubles. Thus, Jordan never has had to ask whether he can use the court. Jordan occasionally used the court without Carter and without permission, until Carter came out to play one day last Spring, found Jordan and a guest on the court and, with steely glare and in a steely tone, said he didn't recall giving Jordan permission. It's said on equally good authority that Zbigniew Brzezinski, the assistant for national security affairs, still thinks he must ask or anyhow does ask the President whether he can use the court. The suggestion is that if Zbiggy were as smart as a foreign policy adviser ought to be, he'd simply ask Susan Clough whether any of the Carters would be using the court at a given time, and act accordingly. That's the operative rule among the very few assistants who even dream of playing on Jimmy's court. The last word on the subject here is that Ms. Clough doesn't want it known that the President has delegated the guarding and allocation of White House tennis court time to her. Sorry, Ms. C., but you can't be beautiful, intelligent and in an important job, as you recently told Sally Quinn of *The Washington Post* you are, without expecting diligent inquiry into your functions and responsibilities.

One of Ms. Quinn's quotations of Ms. Clough suggested that Ms. Clough controls access to the

President, in person and on paper. She doesn't. Her associates doubt that she meant to say she does. Hamilton Jordan and two other assistants, Tim Kraft and Rick (for Richard) Hutcheson, do that. Like presidential secretaries before her, Susan Clough may slip a piece of paper into the President's night reading file as a favor to some assistant, or let an assistant into the working office next to the Oval Office for an unscheduled moment with the President. That's the limit of her control of access, I'm told. By one of the male controllers, naturally.

John Osborne

Wisdom from Mao
on the American view of China.

Wide of the Mark

Given this country's continuing popular interest in China and the number of close readers of the *Peking Review*, I am amazed to be the first American to call attention to a hitherto unpublished "thought" of Mao Tse-tung. This thought was revealed to the world on August 18, 1977, when Hua Kuo-feng, the newly elected chairman of the party's central committee, addressed the Eleventh Congress of the Chinese Communist Party. According to Hua, Mao read a speech that his wife Chiang Ching made in September, 1975, and declared it to be "Shit. Wide of the mark." (See *Peking Review*, No. 35, August 26, 1977, p. 28.)

Hua was, of course, building the case that he and the other current Chinese leaders who ousted Mao's wife from power after Mao's death a little more than a year ago and who vilified her as the leader of a counterrevolutionary conspiracy—the so-called Gang of Four—were acting as Mao would have wanted them to. But I find Mao's comment so refreshingly candid that I believe it might profitably be extended to cover much of the current American reporting and diplomacy concerning the People's Republic of China. Critical insight such as Mao's is too rare to be left to Chinese events. Mao now belongs to the world.

According to our journalistic China experts and political leaders, everything in China is just fine now. After 11 years of turmoil going by the name of "cultural revolution," China has adopted as its guiding principle "pragmatism." All the bad old days of internal wrangling are over, Teng Hsiao-ping has come back into the government after twice being ousted as a "capitalist roader who sneaked into the party," and the successors of Mao and Chou En-lai are a stable,

pragmatic group of leaders eager to do business with Japan and the United States.

After reading this kind of thing daily throughout the summer and hearing it repeated as serious political analysis by American bureaucrats, I can only welcome the late chairman's breath of fresh air. As David Cate once put it, "The fellow-traveller almost invariably maintains that things are fine *now*—until the authorities announce they are not fine and that something must be done; whereupon things once again become fine." It is not necessary to argue that any China savants are fellow travellers to insist nevertheless that American discussions of recent events in China are ridiculously uncritical.

The new standing committee of the Political Bureau is composed, in rank order, of Hua Kuo-feng, Yeh Chien-ying, Teng Hsiao-ping, Li Hsien-nien and Wang Tung-hsing. Three of these people—Yeh (79), Teng (73) and Li (70)—are close to retirement. Hua Kuo-feng is supposed to have been born in Shansi in 1920, but no one really knows for sure. And Wang is a newcomer—allegedly Mao's former bodyguard and probably head of the police apparatus. It may be that this group is stable, cohesive, even "pragmatic," but to say so is largely a matter of guesswork—and inconsistent with what we know of recent Chinese politics.

Yeh, Teng and Li are veterans of the Long March—the 6000-mile northwest trek of Chinese Communists during 1934-1936. To believe that these veterans have willingly subordinated themselves to Hua Kuo-feng, who was an unknown local party official until only two years ago, strains credulity. It also ignores the evidence building up from interviewers that Hua may be a mediocrity—the Chinese equivalent of an American vice-president who happened to advance to the top post temporarily as a sort of interregnum. Moreover, even if Hua were being groomed as a successor to the septuagenarians who actually lead the country right now, *they* did not choose him, Mao did. Everyone in China knows this but tolerates it for now in order to try to solve the problem of getting rid of the Maoists while retaining the mystique of Mao.

One of the elements lacking in American analyses of Chinese Communist events is a sense of history or of plausible comparisons. What has happened in China during the past decade bears some resemblance to what happened in Japan during the 1930s. In Japan a sense of crisis over goals and leadership gripped the country, just as it did in China during the Cultural Revolution. Those calling for moral regeneration and the ouster of the corrupt in Japan, were the young officers of the Imperial Way Faction—what in Washington's China jargon we would call the "radicals." The Japanese radicals had their way from approximately 1931, with the seizure of Manchuria, until 1936, when they went too far and tried to carry out a *coup d'état*. They were suppressed by the Control Faction, or the "pragmatists" in current parlance. And what resulted

from this emergence of pragmatism after a struggle? We got Tojo.

There is nothing inevitable about such an outcome in China—but it is not farfetched. The new Political Bureau is packed with military officers, Hua Kuo-feng is an unknown, three leaders are elderly, one of them (Teng) has every reason to seek revenge on a good many people, and a new generation of leaders beyond the original revolutionaries still has not emerged in China. This may be a recipe for stability and pragmatism, but it is just as likely to be a prescription for Bonapartism, Stalinism, or military rule—which have been the usual successors to "great" revolutions.

Meanwhile, the American successors to Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger have begun an apparently even less pragmatic approach to China than their predecessors. After moving up his scheduled visit to China from November to August for no apparent reason other than the current administration's need for publicity, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance managed to arrive in China hardly a week after the Eleventh Congress ended. It was far too soon after the Congress to be making a visit in order to get to know and sound out the new leadership (a point the CIA might have made to the President if the Agency itself knew what was going on and was not totally preoccupied with its own reorganization and with Congressional relations). The timing of the trip also was bad from the administration's point of view—not only because of other distractions such as Panama, Korea, SALT and the Middle East but also because the Carter administration has no policy toward China. Instead it has a misguided hope that China will accept one of the various fig leaves, invented by the young China enthusiasts Carter has brought into the Government, intended to disguise the United State's abandonment of Taiwan. These include proposals that the United States be allowed to pursue a 'Japanese solution' (despite repeated statements in Tokyo and Peking that this solution is not available to the United States for the simple reason that it is not Japan), that we substitute for our treaty with Taiwan a 'unilateral declaration of support,' that we be permitted to sell arms to Taiwan after it has become a province of the Chinese People's Republic or that Peking convert Taiwan into some kind of Hong Kong. It never seems to have crossed Vance's mind that he might at least have negotiated the American troop withdrawal from Korea in exchange for a Chinese guarantee not to use force against Taiwan.

The Chinese have not been as cooperative in providing fig leaves to cover up the failures of American foreign policy as Hanoi was at Paris in 1973. In October, Chinese Vice Foreign Minister Yu Chan told two American journalists that "China is absolutely inflexible on the Taiwan issue. Flexibility will come only when the sun rises in the west." Politburo member Li

Hsien-nien declared that the use of force in China's conquest of Taiwan was "inevitable." Unkindest of all, Teng Hsiao-ping came out after Vance's departure and flatly contradicted the Secretary's usual platitudes about progress being made. Teng said that no progress was made and that he was disappointed by how little the American envoy was prepared to give away on this trip.

Finally, we read from Robert Keatley in the *Wall Street Journal* that Vance failed to take an American interpreter with him to his meeting with Hua Kuo-feng. Kissinger before him used to do this sort of thing—which always amazed the Chinese—because he did not trust the State Department's Chinese language officers, but Vance evidently did so simply because he did not know any better. What else can one say? "Wide of the mark." Thank you, Chairman Mao.

Chalmers Johnson

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Israel knows its security needs better than its saviors know them.

Solutionist Delusions

The new catch phrase among Middle East quick-fix solutionists is that it will be necessary "to save Israel in spite of herself." Israel's vision is said to be impaired by an unreasoning complex of fear and insecurity, a complex that is understandable considering the tragic history of the Jewish people but is nonetheless immobilizing to Israeli diplomacy at precisely the moment when clarity of vision and a willingness to take sensible risks are most required. In particular, the new solutionists see the promise of a settlement in which the Arabs would exchange recognition of Israel for an Israeli withdrawal to pre-1967 borders and the creation of a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza. Israeli security would be bolstered by the creation of demilitarized zones under international supervision, and US guarantees of protection in case of attack.

The new solutionists—including some long-time friends of the Jewish state—believe such an arrangement would leave Israel not unreasonably less secure from attack than it is now, Israeli perceptions to the contrary notwithstanding. But it is those who would impose a settlement on Israel, and not the Israelis themselves, whose vision is blurred by sentiment. They are fooling themselves about the defense issues, the

nature of secure borders, and the efficacy of alternative security arrangements based on demilitarized zones and international (usually American) guarantees.

Some critics of Israel's obstinacy, for example, have argued that the Israelis exaggerate the military value of the territories acquired in the 1967 war. Nadav Safran of Harvard, for example, echoed a widely shared perception outside Israel when he called on Israelis "to confront the inescapable paradox that in 1967 their country did infinitely better with its 'insecure' boundaries than in 1973 with its 'ideal' boundaries." But the Arab successes in the early days of the 1973 war are better explained by the Arabs' achievement of strategic and tactical surprises and the Israeli failure to mobilize and pre-empt, rather than by any disadvantage of the expanded borders themselves. It is widely believed in Israel that if the Arabs had achieved these same tactical and strategic successes starting from the pre-1967 lines, large civilian areas of Israel (particularly in northern Galilee) would have been overrun and their Jewish populations left at the mercy of the Arab armies.

Another subject of disagreement is the effect of recent developments in military technology. Critics of the Israeli position argue that the old notions of buffer zones, superior topographical positions and land barriers to invasion are obsolete. Medium and long-range surface-to-surface missiles, for example, can fly over terrain obstacles from relatively remote launching sites in rear areas of the surrounding Arab states. Even with complete control of the ground war and unchallenged air superiority, the Israeli army no longer can protect interior targets from attack. Therefore, the argument goes, the 1967 territories are worthless as a buffer zone. But Israelis believe that this argument greatly overstates the missile threat and ignores its limitations. Former foreign minister Yigal Allon, for example, concedes that "artillery, missiles, and bombers can wreak havoc on a large scale. But they alone cannot subdue a courageous people fighting for its survival and independence." He cites the examples of German bombardment of Britain in World War II and US raids against North Vietnam, where resistance was stiffened by the "hail of blows." "Until one side's territory is occupied and the resistance of its people and army are broken by land forces," it cannot be defeated. Moreover, the Arabs' few hundred Scud missiles are limited in total payload and accuracy. Compare, for example, those 300 Scuds with the 10,000 V-1 buzz bombs and V-2 rockets poured on Britain during the Second World War. The circular error probability of the Scud is estimated at one-half mile, making it a weapon of intimidation but one lacking military significance unless it is nuclear-tipped. The total payload of 300 Scuds is about equal to that of a single wave of sorties by 35 of Israel's 200 Phantoms, which would be much more accurate as well. In summary, the theory that topographical obstacles are irrelevant in the missile age is pure nonsense.

Other new technologies seem to increase rather than to diminish the defensive advantage of high ground, and thus increase the strategic value of terrain won in the 1967 war. In order for the new inexpensive battlefield missiles and guided artillery shells to be effective against such expensive targets as tanks and low-flying aircraft, the proud owner must track down these targets using human and electronic sensors. This means that the traditional advantages of elevated positions have become even more important. An invading army that must cross wide areas of open terrain will be vulnerable to detection and fire from the defending hills. In several critical respects, the new technologies reinforce rather than negate the Israeli argument for defensible borders.

Another difference in perception between Israel and those who criticize it for intransigence concerns the efficacy of alternative security arrangements that are supposed to make up for loss of the 1967 territories. Proponents of the pre-1967 lines have argued that the risk incurred by Israel because of withdrawal could be reduced to a tolerable level by complete or partial demilitarization of the evacuated areas, combined with arrangements for international observer teams to verify compliance with the agreements. Going further, some authorities have proposed a system of American or US-Soviet security guarantees to Israel and to the Arabs. A few even have recommended the establishment of American naval facilities or air bases in Israel as a token of the American commitment.

Those who have followed this discussion cannot fail to note the almost total lack of interest in the question of guarantees among Israelis. No definitive statement of Israeli policy on this issue has yet appeared, but the general tenor of opinion suggests that Israel would enter into an alliance with the United States only to reinforce, but not in place of, a capacity for self-defense. The value of any guarantee would be limited by the future perceived interests of the great-power guarantor, by its future military strength in the region and by the particular conditions under which the small state found it necessary to call upon its ally. It is not difficult to imagine conditions under which the United States would perceive its interests as divergent from Israeli needs; or would be unable to act quickly enough or with forces large enough to deal with a given threat; or would be constrained by other particular circumstances.

Israel is one of the few countries in the American alliance system that have never called upon foreign troops to participate in their defense. Most Americans—and most Israelis—would like to keep it this way. Moreover, as the inventories of military equipment owned by the Middle Eastern combatants themselves increase, and as they approach the state of the art in technology, the potential impact of direct great power intervention in a future war rapidly

declines. For example, the Arab armies fielded 4600 tanks against Israel in 1973. This is two thirds as many tanks as the entire peacetime inventory of NATO in the vast Central and Northern European theater. The 1225 combat airplanes of the Arab alliance in 1973 were, again, nearly two-thirds the number of combat aircraft in North-Central NATO. To have a significant impact in such a densely armed environment, American intervention would have to be on a scale comparable to the high points of the Indochina war. The Middle East is no mere subsystem of the global balance of forces. If those 1200 Syrian tanks come pouring down over the watershed line of the Golan again, in violation of a US-guaranteed agreement, what exactly would the United States do to honor its guarantee?

The problem posed by the concepts of "demilitarization" and so-called "limited force zones" are even more vexing. Here again, the proposals have been put forward in very general terms, without answering the basic question of what the Israeli defense forces are to do if the Arabs subsequently undertake to *rearm* demilitarized regions in violation of an agreement. The solutionists seem to regard this as an unlikely contingency, but for Israel it is one that cannot be dismissed. In the Golan Heights, for example, small international observer forces could be swept aside by the Syrian army in a large-scale violation, or diplomatic conditions could limit their effectiveness. If the large Syrian units swept out of their camps and rapidly descended the hills to occupy key positions, they might reach their destinations before the Israeli citizen army could even complete the process of mobilization. In a race for key positions, the forces starting at the top of the Heights would have an obvious advantage. The Syrians might also clandestinely move small infantry anti-tank missiles to prepared positions in lower Golan before the attack to impede the advance of Israeli armor at the critical moment. Until the advocates of demilitarization of Golan explain how the Israelis will be able to conduct their defense in such reasonable worst cases, it is unlikely that the 80 percent of Israelis who reject surrender of the Golan Heights will change their view.

Demilitarization of the West Bank is even more difficult to imagine. A Palestinian entity on the West Bank would have direct land connections to the Arab world. It would have its own airports. It might even have its own seaport at Gaza. Without permanent and reliable inspection of cargoes at these points by Israelis or foreign officers sympathetic to Israel, what would prevent the progressive smuggling of arms into caches? Inventories could be stockpiled clandestinely in preparation for a general offensive or to provide cover for a sudden, open movement of larger forces into the West Bank, in the manner of Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland. Recent advances in military technology enhance this threat: it is now possible to concentrate accurate and effective firepower into smaller, more

mobile and more easily concealed units. A typical scenario might be the infiltration of infantry anti-tank guided missiles (in suitcase-sized packages) to forward units on the western slopes of the Judean and Samarian hills, to perform the mission of delaying any movement of Israeli armor into the West Bank. With this protection, and under the cover of mobile anti-aircraft missiles and artillery, it might be possible to move heavy armored vehicles and full-sized field artillery across the river from Jordan. Again, this may be just a worst reasonable case, but it is a contingency whose occurrence cannot be excluded. Three quarters of the Jewish population of Israel and half its industry is concentrated in the narrow coastal strip, only nine to 18 miles wide, from the former Jordanian border to the sea. Modern artillery in the West Bank, such as the Soviet M-54 130 mm gun with ranges in excess of 17 miles, could reach any factory, airfield, reserve army base or school in the central zone. Surface-to-air missiles in the West Bank, such as the Soviet SA-2 (slant range 25 miles) or the US Hawk (22 miles) would cover not only the air space over the West Bank, but also the air space over most civil and military airfields in central Israel itself. More than 50 roads and lesser routes of guerrilla infiltration pass between the West

Bank and the heavily populated regions of central Israel, and the Arab hills themselves might offer ideal sanctuaries if they come under the control of a PLO government prepared to support a campaign of irregular warfare. Borrowing the words of the first British High Commissioner of Palestine, proposals such as the scheme for a West Bank-Gaza state recall the worst aspects of the Treaty of Versailles and would create "a Saar and a Polish corridor and half a dozen Danzigs and Memels in a country the size of Wales."

The failure of the solutionists to deal with these serious questions almost suggests that these analysts and policymakers are driven more by despair at the alternatives than by any coherent notion of how their security arrangements would work. "Demilitarization" and "guarantees" are nothing more than cant words. As presently conceived they do not come close to meeting Israel's minimum defense requirements. The development of a truly effective alternative security design for the Middle East is a task that still lies before us.

Steven Rosen

Steven Rosen teaches at Brandeis.

Grey Eminences, VI

The Once And Future Mandarin

by John Taft

Jimmy Carter's victory inevitably left some Democratic, as well as Republican, flotsam in its wake. One interesting and significant example is Professor Arthur Schlesinger—a Camelotian intellectual, already bereft of Bobby Kennedy and disappointed by George McGovern. Last year he was a bystander at the New York convention. He later commented, without much regret, that Carter might lose in November. In 1977 he opines, with a look of disgust, that we have our most conservative Democratic president since Grover Cleveland. Schlesinger's disgust surprises no one, for Carter's was the first national campaign which he had

completely avoided since the age of Roosevelt.

Arthur Schlesinger's political isolation has been increasing for a long time, and seems likely to continue unless and until Ted Kennedy makes a move. But why has this harmless historian—unsympathetically described by Garry Wills as "the quintessential liberal"—so alienated radicals, rightists and the bulk of his own party? William Buckley can't abide him; Noam Chomsky has called him a "Stalinist hack" standing "a shade to the hawkish side of the Pentagon." Schlesinger was indeed a Washington mandarin, exiled in a dynastic change, doggedly loyal to the Kennedy brothers. That is enough to estrange all but a weakened faction of the Democratic community. Nevertheless, there is something besides his New Frontier aura that people find hard to accept these days, something to do with his

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Arthur Schlesinger by Vint Lawrence

Old Deal liberalism as it has persisted, with a few twists and turns, for the last 40 years.

"Little" Arthur's experience with the Great Depression was not intimate. He celebrated his graduation from Exeter in 1933 with a prolonged trip around the world, then returned to spend the next eight years at Harvard and Cambridge. No, his liberalism began as such abiding passions often do—with the example of his father. Arthur Senior, a Harvard historian, instilled in his son a deep respect for the Jefferson-Jackson-Roosevelt tradition. Not surprisingly, Arthur Junior's first great achievement came in the form of a book. *The Age of Jackson* (1945) won a Pulitzer Prize for its young author and persuaded most of his reviewers that there was a link between Jackson's and Roosevelt's reforms. Democratic reform movements, Schlesinger claimed then and continues to believe, are sustained as much by Eastern intellectuals as by pressure from the poor. Schlesinger's supporters were more vigorous and fashionable during the 1940s than in later years, but even then he was roundly denounced in the *Daily Worker* and his book was labelled by businessmen as "valuable ammunition for radical progressives."

Such success and publicity must have had a heady effect on this young Harvard scholar. (A few felt that there was something even in his appearance to hint that scholarship would not be enough for him—namely, his habit of sporting large, polka-dot bow ties.) On top of an enormous journalistic output, both learned and popular, Schlesinger was soon helping to found the Americans for Democratic Action as a liberal bulwark against Communists and Republicans. He began entertaining Democratic celebrities in his rambling Cambridge house. He went briefly to Paris to help his friend Averell Harriman run the Marshall Plan. These early successes were consolidated in 1949, when he published what amounted to an ADA manifesto, *The Vital Center*.

The Vital Center established the quintessential theme in Schlesinger's thought which made him a party institution until the death of President Kennedy. Its message was that the strength, and meaning, of American liberalism is a receptiveness to new ideas and a hatred of ideology. Laissez-faire ideology is pernicious because, besides being inhumane, it drives people into the arms of Communism. Communism, likewise, is oppressive and drives Americans toward Republicanism. Jefferson's prescriptions, plus New Deal intervention, constitute a virile, pragmatic compromise and therefore are vital to the survival of American freedom. In related articles, Schlesinger urged upon his readers a sense of moral decency—not to be confused with ideology—while tempering this with some personal pessimism: "Nothing exists in history to assure us that the great moral dilemmas can be resolved without pain."

Hitherto, Schlesinger's politics had been relatively confused and immature. Always a sucker for family traditions, he has written, almost hopefully, that "another depression will restore political potency to the Roosevelt name." He could not forgive Truman for

replacing his hero, and only with the advent of Stevenson was he reconciled to his party's leadership. An indifferent orator himself, he was Stevenson's chief researcher-speechwriter in both campaigns and must share credit for the governor's forensic elegance. But it proved a frustrating experience. Having decided by 1957 that an immediate depression was unlikely, Schlesinger began to emphasize the cultural and spiritual possibilities of liberalism in a philistine—spiritually unemployed—America. Republicans may have coopted Roosevelt's economics, but the New Deal had paid dividends in another realm: "What we need . . . is a rebirth of satire, of dissent, of irreverence, of an uncompromising insistence that phoniness is phony and platitudes are platitudinous." Few reasonable Democrats could disagree. Citing Thoreau, Emerson, Melville, Whitman, William James, and Henry James as liberal forebears, Schlesinger attacked the party hacks for ignoring the intelligentsia, the idea people, so necessary in his view for Democratic success. And in the most astute move of his public career, he hitched his wagon to the star of John F. Kennedy.

The next five years were the zenith of Schlesinger's life. He savored the best and worst of New Frontier culture, attending Bobby Kennedy's seminars, falling drunkenly into swimming pools, even displaying a mild arrogance. He began publishing movie reviews, but that did not detract from his serious writing. During his Georgetown residency, in fact, he produced some of his best articles. This may be partly because Kennedy gave him so few administrative responsibilities. Perhaps he had been oversold by some of his more enthusiastic admirers. Richard Rovere, with whom he had co-authored a book, wrote in *The New Yorker* that Schlesinger's White House job was to be "an extraordinary assignment, and one that has no precedent in American history or, probably, in the history of any modern democracy. Aristotle schooled the young Alexander, and Voltaire broadened the horizons of Frederick the Great, but the court philosopher went

out of fashion along with royal courts." Unfortunately, Schlesinger had about as little effect on his patron as Voltaire had on King Frederick. While he performed useful tasks in Latin America and the UN, his objections to the Bay of Pigs, like his urgings for progressive legislation, went unspoken or unheard.

President Johnson gave Schlesinger no work at all, so he left the government and dove headlong into a book, completing *A Thousand Days* in a mere 14 months. That earned him another Pulitzer Prize, a National Book Award and extraordinary public exposure for an American scholar. Moving to New York and a prestigious chair at CUNY, he separated from his wife and recommenced the New Frontier social life, now as a fashionable bachelor. He frolicked with Jackie and Truman Capote; he once was seen at a disco. As the essential expression of all this, he began publishing potboilers and criticizing Johnson's fear of intellectuals and new ideas: LBJ, like Truman, had replaced a hero. With Bobby Kennedy in the Senate, Schlesinger's chance for a return to Georgetown appeared excellent. Then suddenly he made a mistake that seemed to touch off a run of bad luck. In a 1967 book on the Vietnam War, Schlesinger maintained that President Kennedy bore little responsibility for the lamentable presence of regular troops in Indochina—and he enthusiastically endorsed Kennedy's Green Beret program. The Saigon government was corrupt but could be reformed, he argued. We should stop bombing the north but not withdraw troops, since they would be needed as a bargaining chip. In short, "holding the line in South Vietnam is essential."

Such wishy-washy views made Schlesinger an embattled figure among intellectuals—with cannon to the left of him, cannon to the right of him, while he tried valiantly to defend the vital center. Moreover, it was becoming unclear where the vital center was. His support for Bobby Kennedy's candidacy in 1968 brought upon him the hostility of pro-Johnson, pro-Humphrey, pro-McCarthy and anti-Kennedy Democrats. His son's participation in a student occupation of the Harvard dean's office incited a public disagreement within his own family. Schlesinger was forced into a foxhole where, except for a brief emergence with McGovern, he has remained to this day. While speaking out for human rights abroad, more foreign aid, ghetto assistance, affirmative action and an occasional liberal candidate, he has attended more and more to scholarship. Four years ago he published *The Imperial Presidency*, which was influential enough to end up on Peter Rodino's coffee table during the impeachment hearings.

Research and writing remain Schlesinger's forte. His greatest legacy probably will be the multi-volume *Age of Roosevelt*. In shorter books and articles he likes to generalize from current events to make a larger point, and he usually supports that point by examining the history of his subject. Historical analogies, as between

Tad Szulc Honored

Contributing editor Tad Szulc has won the third annual press award of the Latin American Studies Association, for his articles on Latin America in *The New Republic* and in *Playboy*. The *New Republic* articles honored were "Recompression in Brazil," *TNR*, May 7, 1977, and "Four Years After the Fall: A Look at US Business-Government Cooperation in Latin America," *TNR*, September 10, 1977.

Jackson and Roosevelt, are a favorite device, though he tries not to overdo it. His works seem to possess most of the stylistic virtues. He writes, as he once described the American Constitution, in "lucid, measured, felicitous prose, marked by Augustan virtues of harmony, balance, and elegance." He can be slangish when necessary; he knows how to use a semicolon. He can compose a pithy sentence. And his most complex paragraphs are both logical and well rounded.

Still, Schlesinger has benign flaws in style and method. In his magisterial essay of 1963 on historians and history, he tells us: "Historians presumably reject the conspiratorial interpretation of history; but, in a benign way, they often become its unconscious proponents, ascribing to premeditation what belongs to fortuity and to purpose what belongs to chance." This construction is balanced, premeditated and maybe a bit long-winded for the present century. In his method, too, Schlesinger has a notable failing. His favorite model seems to be the frowning Victorian, Lord Macaulay, whom he resembles markedly in appearance, but even more in viewpoint. As an essayist once wrote, Macaulay's "point of view is distinct enough, but it is without distinction; and Macaulay in consequence remains an excellent but not a supreme historian. His Whiggism was in itself a very serious drawback—not because it was a cause of bias, but because it was a symptom of crudity. The bias was of the wrong kind; it was an outcome of party politics, and the sad truth is that, in the long run, party politics become a bore." Schlesinger admits the problem of party ties and does more than Macaulay to rise above them. But the flaw remains.

The crudest aspect of Schlesinger's bias must be his attachment to the Kennedys. He constantly quotes President Kennedy's speeches and sometimes implies an apostolic succession from Jefferson to Jackson to FDR to JFK. Such loyalty to an old patron explains his anger over Bill Moyers's recent TV documentary, which depicted the Kennedys as leading a personal vendetta against Castro. In an open letter, he characterized the documentary as "the summing up of a hanging judge," and insisted that there is no evidence President Kennedy knew about the US plots against Castro's life. This prompted an exchange of letters in which Schlesinger and Moyers, both quoting from Macaulay for emphasis, debunked each other as completely untrustworthy historians. Schlesinger is usually good at an epistolary fight, but in this one he had an insurmountable handicap. Moyers came up with a 1961 White House memo urging President Kennedy to cover his tracks. "The character and repute of President Kennedy constitutes one of our greatest natural resources," Arthur Schlesinger had written. "Nothing should be done to jeopardize this valuable asset. When lies must be told, they should be told by subordinate officials."

The most Schlesinger will concede is that Kennedy

was intellectually radical and politically too cautious in many areas. No doubt, his attachment to the Kennedy family stems largely from close friendship and commiseration. He describes his forthcoming book on Bobby Kennedy "and his times" as a case study, a fresh look at his own views, a sequel to *A Thousand Days* and a personal tribute to a slain friend. Schlesinger still hopes and trusts that Ted Kennedy eventually will occupy the White House, and in that event Schlesinger probably would be well situated himself. Like Averell Harriman, whose views he usually has respected, he never stops looking toward a progressive future, preferably implemented by a Kennedy. He remains unimpressed by talk of an end to liberalism, just as he was unimpressed in 1957. Russian militarism? They, like the United States, are a little paranoid and have no desire to start a war in Europe. Inflation? It is a serious problem, but taxation and government deficits have little to do with it. The federal government, in any case, is no more inefficient than the giant corporations.

One cannot summarize Schlesinger either as a power-seeking academic or as a timid centrist, loath to take a bold stand on anything. There are several sides to him. On the one hand, he has become more conservative in some ways—he is quoting Jefferson less and Hamilton more. On the other hand, his aversion to Carter appears genuine. He approves of Carter's human rights stand and tougher line towards Israel. (Begin, Schlesinger feels, is dangerous and should not be permitted to pressure the US.) Economically, however, Carter has the instincts of a "middle-rank Georgia businessman." His cabinet is mediocre, especially Blumenthal, and his concern with budget balancing absurd.

Schlesinger's hatred of dogma, occasionally forced and dogmatic, is based on the right instincts, and he generally has been a good influence. He amiably admits there are occasions when he has not. In 1967, he says now, we should simply have cut and run from Vietnam. He once attacked the revisionist histories of the Cold War; he now allows that they are correct insofar as they point up the defensive nature of Russia's actions during the 1940s. He criticizes Truman's foreign policy, which he once supported, and feels that he once was too hard on Truman's domestic policies. President Johnson, he admits, compiled the most impressive record of domestic legislation since the New Deal—though Jack Kennedy would have gone even farther.

Schlesinger is patient with America. Harriman began his heyday in the New Frontier at age 69, and Schlesinger also may have a second coming. He recently began afresh in his private life. He was divorced and remarried, and has two young children, one of them named after Bobby Kennedy. Ted might run for president in 1984. Meanwhile, Professor Schlesinger sits in Manhattan, holding the center, writing and waiting for Camelot.

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

1900

(Paramount)

Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900* scales new heights of dreadfulness in film. Perhaps this isn't as bad as sinking to new depths; still it's dreadful. Those who spewed rhapsodies about Bertolucci in the past are now frantically devising critical strategies to accommodate a disaster that even they cannot deny. Others, like myself, who in the last decade have seen a real new talent gradually succumb to a corruption spottily present from the beginning, can now take zero satisfaction in watching that talent flap limply in herniated ecstasy.

Bertolucci wanted to make a film that had the effect of an epic historical novel. The first result ran, it's said, five and a half hours. In the last year there has been wearisome press discussion about the different lengths at which the film has been shown, or proposed, in different places, with attempts to fight for the original and protect the artist's integrity. Nonsense. Bertolucci knew he was violating his contractual obligations by going to such length, was creating a barricade on which to be martyred. If Michelangelo himself had come up with architectural plans for St. Peter's twice as big as called for, who would have fought for his integrity? Anyway this particular martyr has been willing enough to reduce his film to its "American" length—four hours and 15 minutes including intermission. And the result is exactly the *opposite* of a "novel" created for the screen: it's like a screen adaptation of a long novel, a collection of mobile illustrations for a synopsized text.

Possibly, of course, this is because 90 minutes have been cut out. But I'm not convinced that another 90 minutes would improve the bad acting, compensate for the atrocious sound-track, freshen Bertolucci's platitudinous Beeyootiful eye, or give the whole plodding sententious enterprise any genuine depth or point. When we read Manzoni's *The Betrothed* we get more than a fictional excuse for a rehash of the history of 17th-century Milan: "excuse" disappears, the "border" between

characters and background disappears, the characters *are* the history. To put it quietly, that doesn't quite happen in *1900*. It's a slow tour through familiar Italian events from the turn of the century to 1945, unilluminated in any fresh way except with a Communist ideological light which is in itself weak, garishly studded with a lot of cliché characters from fourth-rate historical fiction. There's the old-fashioned patriarch landowner in Emilia who hates machines and wants a male grandchild, who has one weak son and one profligate son; there's a stalwart old peasant who "understands" the old man; a decadent beauty who marries into the family, etcetera—very much etcetera. But who would have thought that Bertolucci would dare to use the device of two boys born on the same day (the first day of the century, in case you're not getting the idea), one in the big house, one to peasants, to intertwine their lives through 45 years, to show that the mutual joys of boyhood do not affect their fated positions, that an owner always oppresses and a peasant always strives nobly for justice?

Need I add that the owner has almost no good qualities and the peasant absolutely no bad ones?

The film ends—or we think it's going to end—with the two men fighting in the great courtyard, the peasant-partisan just having saved the life of the owner who had tolerated fascists but had saved the peasant's life earlier. The camera pulls up and away into the sky, and the trite finish seems about to gag us—when something even worse happens. Quick dissolve to the present day: and the two men, now old codgers, are still grappling and fighting; thus this lengthy chronicle, despite its bloated pretensions, is reduced at the last to a cutesy "character" tale of rustic quirks and crotchets.

When the film was over, I felt that we ought to be shown the menu on the back of which the script was outlined at the very first lunch of director and producer. That script was in fact written

by Bertolucci, his brother Giuseppe, and Franco Arcalli, but Clare Peploe is credited as script consultant. She is the young Englishwoman who collaborated on Antonioni's first disastrous film *Zabriskie Point* and whose brother Mark Peploe wrote the original story for Antonioni's second disastrous film *The Passenger*.

The intrinsically cinematic qualities of *1900*, about which much has already been made with doubtless more to come, seem to me just as derivative as the script. Start with a competent if somewhat precious cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, address these materials, remember some models, and you could hardly do less well than this. Is there a scene along a river? Mist will creep in à la Kubrick. Choreographed Communist joy with a huge red banner? *Souvenirs of Jancsó*. Peasants and soldiers in great fields of harvest? Reminders of Visconti's *Senso*, a true and excellent historical film "novel." A current of peasants moving toward a new order? Recollections of Blasetti's *1860*, which may have suggested Bertolucci's title. A gritty scene of a teacher struggling with adult worker-students? You can see it better in Monicelli's *The Organizer*.

In fact, everything in this story that's thematically important—working-class struggle, Socialist evangelism, owners'

Films Worth Seeing

Julia. Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards, and Jane Fonda, in that order of excellence, do much to knock the stuffing out of this upholstered version of Lillian Hellman's memoir.

Let Joy Reign Supreme. Witty, sexy, intelligent, and mordant. Bertrand Tavernier, who made *The Clockmaker* about modern France, goes deftly back to the French court of 1720 with some of the same superb actors.

One Sings, The Other Doesn't. Agnes Varda deals with the friendship of two young Frenchwomen today. The best film so far about New Women, warm, unpolemical, effective.

The Turning Point. On the whole, it's a hole, but this ballet story has Baryshnikov, dancing unbelievably and acting believably, as well as some other splendid dancers.

SK

increasingly desperate opposition—you can see better in *The Organizer*, which is only two hours long, is articulated with historical immediacy (Turin at the turn of the century), and has Marcello Mastroianni's best performance as a Socialist leader.

Bertolucci's sound-track is a mess. The actors are of four nationalities, Italian, French, German, and American, and the language selected for the US track is English. It's a mess partly because of the dubbing of the foreigners—inadequate voices have been tacked on, and the lip-sync is frequently bad—but also because of the Americans. Burt Lancaster can stomp around as patriarchally as he likes, but his voice is a hollow fraud. Donald Sutherland sounds merely pettish as an insane murdering fascist. Sterling Hayden, supposedly a gnarled old peasant, sounds like an irked elderly California surfer. And that fine actor Robert De Niro has been inadequately directed. That's the only explanation I can find for the fact that, in addition to his feeble grip physically on the role of the rich youth/man, he has no distinction in speech. "Lea' me alone," for instance. No one who knows Europe can doubt that, though both boys might have shared a local dialect, the rich and educated boy would speak the general language with distinction. It would be his caste mark.

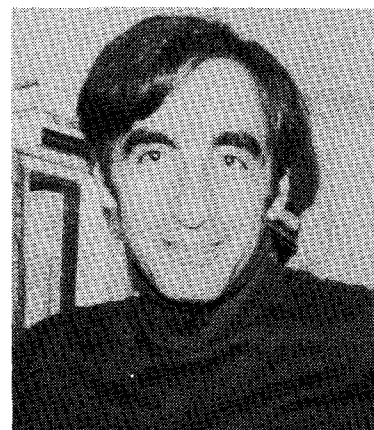
Gerard Depardieu, the neatly coeval peasant, is the best-dubbed of the lot and has at least some animal vigor. Dominique Sanda is gorgeous as De Niro's sensation-hungry wife. (The best shot in the film is the first close-up of Sanda, complete with slim cigar.) But the truest performance is by Alida Valli, once the romantic heroine of *Senso* and here an

aging wife maddened by increasing horrors.

As for the music, Ennio Morricone's score often has the spaciousness that the film fails to get, but why does he work in a long, thunderous quotation from *Rigoletto* on the first appearance of a very minor hunchbacked character who is jokingly called Rigoletto? Why not a quotation from *La Traviata* in the scene with a courtesan?

Bertolucci's first film to be shown here, *Before the Revolution* (1964), which I saw again recently, is extraordinary, full of successful youthful daring, but even this good work is marred by some prettiness and some patent imitation. (His use of Adriana Asti is obvious mimicking of what Monica Vitti had done for Antonioni.) In the intervening years the authentic daring has been consumed by the prettiness and the egregious arty borrowings. *The Conformist* and *The Spider's Stratagem* are to me unbearable; the early Brando-Schneider scenes in *Last Tango in Paris* are strong, but the picture eventually succumbs to galloping estheticism. Scratch a pretentious esthete and find an egocentric dumbbell. That's Franco Zeffirelli, and that now is Bertolucci, a man so swollen with baseless ambition that he cannot see how banal, in script and execution, his immense picture is.

I'm grateful to him for one small element in *1900*. For the minor role of Lancaster's sister, an ancient nun, Bertolucci brought Francesca Bertini out of retirement. Born in 1888, Bertini began her film career in 1904 and became one of the great *dive* of Italian film before the First War. Last spring I saw *Story of a Pierrot* (1913) in which she looked lovely and acted well, and it was nice to see her face, now old, still lovely.



Michael Walzer demolishes the assumption that all's fair in war.

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B.H. Haggin on music

The choice of Musorgsky's somber *Boris Godunov* for the festive social occasion of the Metropolitan Opera's opening night of the season might be interpreted as evidence of the management's recognition of the work's greatness, were it not for the contrary evidence: the retention of the damaging cuts that Thomas Schippers made three years ago. In the first (1869) version of Act Two Xenia is

lamenting the death of her fiancé when Boris enters and begins to comfort her; in the revised (1872) version of the act performed by the Metropolitan Musorgsky contrives a more dramatically effective episode in which Feodor and the Nurse try to divert Xenia with songs and hand-clapping whose crescendo is interrupted by the entrance of Boris, and the startled Nurse's exclamation

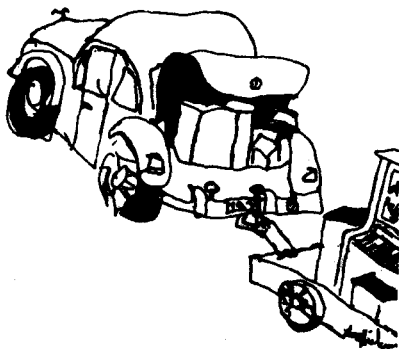
causes him to ask her if he is a frightful wolf. But Schippers omitted the songs, and with them the effect of Boris's entrance and the reason for his question. Even worse was Schippers's butchery of the superb final Kromy scene with his snipping out of repetitions, his omission of the reappearance of Varlaam and Missail, his abbreviation of the passage sung by the two Jesuits—all of which made the individual episodes and the entire scene too brief to have the

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effect and impact they should have (a result aggravated this year by Kazimierz Kord's excessively fast tempos). And what Schippers omitted three years ago the Metropolitan's musical director didn't feel impelled to restore this year.

To the musical damage Schippers inflicted on the Kromy scene August Everding added the damage of his senseless and ludicrous staging, which also was left unchanged this year. One saw again the crowd pile up logs around the captive boyar, then, for no evident reason, take them down; one saw again Dimitri make his entrance not, as Musorgsky specifies, on a horse from which he addresses the crowd and on which he makes his exit, but standing precariously on a platform carried by a few soldiers, who lower it for him to step onto the stage where he addresses the crowd and then makes his exit on foot. Nor was there any change this year in what Everding contrived for Boris's last moments in the preceding scene in place of what Musorgsky specifies.

The performance too was less than what the festive occasion called for. Martti Talvela's voice retains its power but has lost all sensuous warmth and capacity for delicate inflection; and his singing most of the time was an uninflected hard-sounding *forte* that was inexpressive as well as unattractive. Paul Plishka's beautiful singing as Pimen suggested that he be allowed to sing the title role. He doesn't have Talvela's gigantic stature; but that stature accentuates Talvela's awkwardness in movement; and Boris has been played effectively by singers of normal height. Marius Rintzler, the Varlaam, couldn't be heard above the orchestra in his boisterous song in the inn scene; but Wieslaw Ochman as Dimitri, Robert Nagy as Shuisky and James Atherton as the Simpleton sang well. And except for his rushing of the Kromy scene Kord paced the work effectively.

What the occasion demonstrated again about Musorgsky's *Boris* was that it maintains its power and greatness undiminished through all defects and inadequacies of performance. My companion at the performance I attended—a non-professional music-lover, with no knowledge of Russian and only the meager information about the action provided in the program—was electrified by what she heard, and was still electrified two weeks later; and the audience stayed almost until midnight to cheer after the end. As for me, playing through the vocal score for the first time on an out-of-tune piano in a Maine

village 25 years ago, I was able to hear the unfailing rightness and expressive effect, achieved with completely assured mastery, of every note in the moment-to-moment invention, and the extraordinary powers operating with incandescent adequacy for every dramatic point they were required to deal with; and now—as on each previous occasion when I have heard the work after an interval—that invention and those powers struck me with new and overwhelming impact.

The Metropolitan's revival of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* used the good Rolf Gerard sets of the 1957 production, with one welcome change—the room in the Gremin mansion specified in the score in place of Gerard's outdoor set for the final scene. That 1957 production had the excellent Onegin of George London and Gremin of Giorgio Tozzi, but was fatally flawed by the Tatiana of Lucine Amara and Lenski of Richard Tucker—this in addition to the damage from being sung in English (which should be read in the libretto before a performance, not heard during the performance with the music of Tchaikovsky, Musorgsky, Verdi or Mozart). This year's revival not only gained by being sung in Russian, but was made outstanding by the superb Tatiana of Teresa Zylis-Gara and Lenski of Nicolai Gedda. Though Zylis-Gara sang well and with moving expressive power in the Letter Scene and the final duet with Onegin, it was her dramatic performance—above all the image she projected in the first act, of the shy, withdrawn, silent girl, and of this girl shaken by the impact of what she took Onegin to be—that was extraordinary. And on the other hand, though middle-aged Gedda achieved a remarkably lifelike image of the young and volatile poet, it was his singing that was astounding and, in Lenski's final monologue, produced the sensational high point of the performance. The uniquely great performance of that monologue, in its vocal beauty and musical phrasing, has been for me the one recorded early in this century by Leonid Sobinov; and a close approximation of it is the one recorded shortly before his death by Jussi Bjoerling; but Gedda manipulated a less beautiful voice than theirs with such skill, in phrases so marvelously imagined—in his pianissimo repetition of the piece's opening statement, his dwelling on the little figure whose repetition builds up to the piece's climax—that the performance, in the end, was one of those in which one is

aware of having heard a great operation of extraordinary human powers.

The Onegin was Sherrill Milnes, who employed effectively a voice that no longer had its former ear-ravishing luster and warmth, but retained its steadiness and power; and who projected an impressive image of the bored sophisticate of the early scenes, but was less convincing in the agitation that expressed itself in the swinging about of his body and arms in the last scenes. I had the good luck of hearing Plishka in place of Talvela in the sustained melodic flow of Gremin's aria; but the off-stage duet of Tatiana and Olga at the beginning of the opera was spoiled by the unpleasant-sounding voice of the Olga, Isola Jones, who fortunately had very little to sing thereafter. And James Levine conducted with his unfailing sense for continuity and shape.

What I found to be true a few years ago of Britten's setting of Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* I found to be true also of Thea Musgrave's *The Voice of Ariadne*, which the New York City Opera produced this year: that whereas the characters, situations and action of the Henry James story from which the opera is derived are made believable to a reader by the prose that presents them to his imagination, the ones of *The Voice of Ariadne* were not made believable to me in the New York State Theater by what Amalia Elguera's libretto and Musgrave's music presented to my eye and ear. It was my first experience of her music, in which I heard no expressive relation to the words and nothing of musical interest in itself.

Since what is musically valuable in the New York Philharmonic's activity in the years ahead will have to be provided by guest conductors, it was a heartening experience to hear the two concerts at which the orchestra was led by the impressively gifted young English conductor Andrew Davis. Regrettably, thinking it necessary, as a visiting Englishman, to show interest in American music and to inform his American audience concerning English music, he opened his first program with Ives's *Decoration Day* and devoted the first half of his second to Elgar's Concert-Overture *In the South* and Britten's Violin Concerto. In the Ives piece a long stretch of quiet dissonant writing that conveyed no musical sense to me was interrupted briefly by a raucously discordant texture of the various sounds of holiday celebration, after which the quiet dissonant writing returned to end the piece; and its

one point of interest was the precise and beautiful-sounding playing Davis was able to get the orchestra to produce. This fine playing in the next work, Mozart's Piano Concerto K.466, provided the perfectly matched context for playing of the solo part by young Emanuel Ax that was admirable in its shaping of phrase with exactly the right combination of delicacy, cohesive tension and strength—most notable in the piano's long, wide-ranging episode of quiet sustained melody in the second movement. And the orchestral playing attained virtuoso caliber after the intermission in a performance of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* that was the most understanding and effective since Toscanini's, which in fact it closely resembled in over-all shape, sensitive inflection of phrase, clarity of texture and brilliant sonority.

Elgar's *In the South*, at the second concert, offered a large amount of his characteristic richly scored diffuse orchestral doodling, with two episodes that were made unusual by their clearly defined melodic ideas. And Britten's Violin Concerto turned out to be one of the arid products of his ability to put unattractive sounds together in seemingly endless uninteresting progressions; and as such was a waste of the efforts of the conductor, orchestra and soloist, Rodney Friend, the orchestra's concertmaster. As for Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, which completed the program, it was admirably paced; and if I had sat again on the left side of Avery Fisher Hall the loud passages undoubtedly would have had the same balance of strings, woodwinds and brass as those of Berlioz's *Harold* the week before. But I sat this time in row BB on the right side, where the brass and kettledrums in the big tuttis were not only unpleasantly loud in themselves but made the violins inaudible. Apparently the new hall has at least one acoustic bad spot.

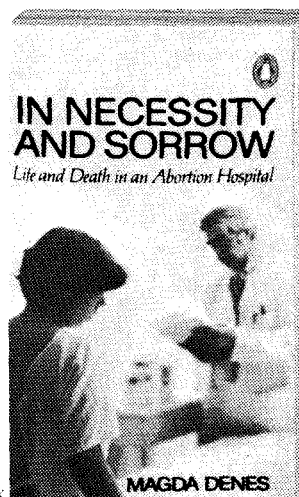
It must have been puzzling and discouraging for Davis—after giving Berlioz's *Harold* a shape whose accuracy extended to its every subtle inflection in tempo and sonority—to read in the *Times* the next day that the work was “not yet for him. He caught the main outline, but not its subtleties”; and that “part of the trouble was flabby rhythm. There were too many accented upbeats.” As puzzling and discouraging as it must have been for other distinguished musicians to read in the *Times* about the “sloppy metrics” caused by “accented upbeats” in their performance, it

puzzled me, a mere listener, to read in the *Times* a few years ago about the accented E-flat on the upbeat of the opening statement of Mozart's G-minor Symphony that I hadn't heard in Giulini's performance with the Philharmonic. Or about what was described as having happened, that I hadn't heard, in bar 3 of Berlioz's *Les Troyens* in Kubelik's performance at the Metropolitan: the accent on the first note of the “ascending scale passage starting on the [unaccented] second [eighth] of the [six-eight] measure,” the result being that “instead of (ONE) two three FOUR five six” the passage had come out as “a flurried ONETwothreefourfive, and the whole metrical scheme [had gone] off the rails.” However, when I listened to Giulini's recorded performance of the Mozart G-Minor I found that there was no accent on the initial E-flat; and on my tape of Kubelik's performance of *Les Troyens* at the Metropolitan the ascending notes in bar 3 were perfectly even. So I am no longer puzzled, and Giulini, Kubelik and Andrew Davis can rest easy: those accented upbeats occur in the columns of the *Times*, not in the performances in concert hall and opera house.

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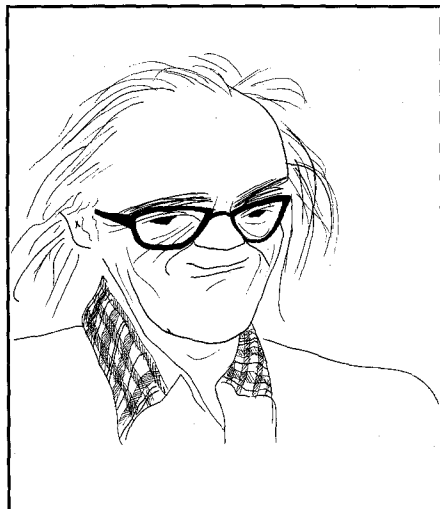
The Year's Books

(Part I)



Harold Bloom on poetry

The recent death of Robert Lowell now marks his final volume, *Day by Day* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; \$8.95), with a particular poignance. *Day by Day* stakes everything on poignance in any case, and seems to have won the risk with most critics. Like nearly all of Lowell's verse in his last decade, the book is nevertheless a very problematic achievement. The most ambitious poem here, "Ulysses and Circe," seeks to elevate heroic wryness into a kind of sublimity, as when Ulysses-Lowell observes of himself: *He dislikes everything/in his impoverished life of myth. But the poetic impoverishment becomes*



Robert Lowell by András Goldinger

more the burden, in all the poems, than does the overt sorrow of personal mythology. A curious flatness or deadness of tone, indubitably achieved by considerable artistry, works against the expressive strength of the poet's struggle with tradition. The best poems

in the book, to me, are the last four, where the pathos dares to become overwhelming, turning as it does upon the poet's reading of his life's losses as being the consequences of his mother's rejection. Yet I am left uncertain as to whether I am not being moved by a record of human suffering, rather than by a making of any kind. In his *Epilogue*, Lowell prays for "the grace of accuracy" and comes to rest upon the poetically self-defeating question: "Yet why not say what happened?"

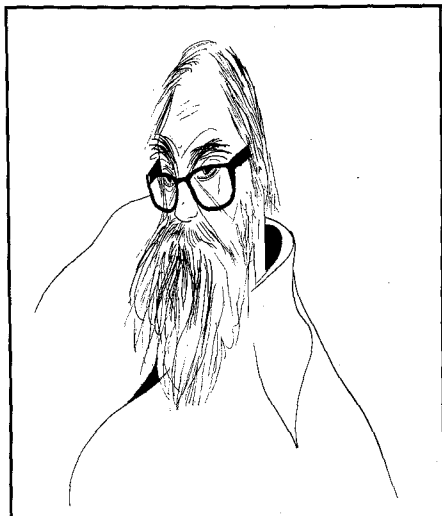
John Berryman's *Henry's Fate* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; \$7.95), is very much a companion volume to *Day by Day*. This posthumous book collects unpublished work written during Berryman's last five years and adds little that is memorable to the substantial body of verse that already represents Berryman's final phase. Judgment of that phase cannot rest therefore upon this volume, yet reading it side-by-side with Lowell stimulates a sense of the almost opposed esthetic dangers that the two poets were driven to confront. Lowell's defense against poetic tradition was increasingly a fiction of nakedness or trope of vulnerability. Berryman resorted to a baroque mannerism, a heightened word-consciousness that compels a reader to struggle more directly with the poet's sense of belatedness. Both strategems had the desperation of acute courage, and both seem to me noble and heroic failures, a judgment in which I seem to be as yet alone.

The *Collected Poems* of Howard Nemerov (University of Chicago Press;

\$17.50) are a clear contrast to Lowell and Berryman in their own generation, and confirm the acuity of their insight in taking the risks they could not wholly surmount. Nemerov is a study in the serenity of influence. He is humane, talented, witty, and sometimes eloquent. The puzzle is that his 500 pages of verse should be so genial an echo-chamber: Frost, Stevens, Yeats, Auden, Eliot, and Tate sound forth everywhere. When I read Nemerov's "Mrs. Mandrill," am I to read it as a loving parody of Stevens's "Mrs. Alfred Uruquay," or an involuntary and unknowing victim of Stevens's more powerfully comic poem? Something like the same question hovers over most of Nemerov's more ambitious efforts. It might have been better if their form had been more of an achieved poetic anxiety and their essence less of a human serenity.

What is now the middle generation of American poets is well represented this year by new books from John Ashbery, A.R. Ammons, W.S. Merwin, Anthony Hecht, W.D. Snodgrass, and Kenneth Koch. I cannot avoid the judgment that the year's best book of poems is Ashbery's *Houseboat Days* (Viking Press; \$7.95). The modish eccentricities that once weakly defended this great poet against tradition are now all but gone. Instead, a subtle rhetoric, masking itself in images of transparency and as a style of amazing limpidity, evades and reinterprets poetic tradition as sinuously and persuasively as did the rhetoric of Frost and of Stevens. Four poems in particular are likely to impose themselves upon the canon: "Loving

Mad Tom," "Wet Casements," the Orphic elegy, "Syringa," and the very ambitious and mellow longer poem, "Fantasia on 'The Nut-Brown Maid,'" which sustains comparison with the magnificent "Fragment" of "The Double Dream of Spring." "Wet Casements,"



John Berryman by András Goldinger

which is as powerful as "Soonest Mended" in that volume, is a short meditation that immediately establishes its inevitability. Ashbery has suffered both from the aura of his supposed "school" and from the incomprehension of readers who weary too quickly of authentic poetic difficulty. The difficulty that remains in Ashbery's poetry is inseparable from its glory. Any reader who will persist will be rewarded as she or he is rewarded by "The Auroras of Autumn" and "An Ordinary Evening in New Haven."

A.R. Ammons, a poet of Ashbery's stature, is represented this year by a new *Selected Poems 1951-1977* (Norton; \$7.95) and by *The Snow Poems* (Norton; \$12.50). It is not negative judgment to say that the continuous splendor of the *Selected Poems* far outshines the experimental and rather more mixed achievement of *The Snow Poems*. Ammons has become impatient of even his own rigorously achieved and dialectical restraints, and so he aspires to break the vessels anew in *The Snow Poems*. What the book offers is an almost endless series of creations-by-catastrophe, an envisioning of the ecstasies and mortal sorrows of each day as things somehow final in themselves and therefore good. The energy of response demanded from the reader is bewildering and finally perhaps transcends possibility. Doubtless, Ammons will go on to another phase of consolidation, which only the pathbreaking of so extravagant a book as this can make possible for him. In the meanwhile, the new *Selected Poems*

makes available the very best of him except for the long poems "Hibernaculum" and "Sphere." The contemplative of "Corson's Inlet" and "Salience," the lyricist of "Upland," "Plunder," "The City Limits," and 50 other transcendental visions of clarity and terror is already a major poet in his country's canon, as much the worthy successor to Frost as Ashbery is to Stevens.

W.S. Merwin's best book remains *The Lice* (1967), and his latest volume, *The Compass Flower* (Atheneum; \$4.95), seems unlikely to alter the sense of decline that troubles some of his most sympathetic readers. Merwin's risky interplay with tradition, from about 1960 on, has been to juxtapose an almost absolute *ascesis* of diction and metric with a quite absolute stance of the oracular shaman. The poetic rewards, particularly in *The Lice*, were very ample, but to protract the juxtaposition Merwin needs to vary both style and stance, and the variations threaten now to assume the status of repetitions. There are only a few poems in *The Compass Flower* wholly worthy of Merwin: "The Helmsman," "The Flight," perhaps the sequence of love lyrics called "Kore." For single, key words to do the work Merwin now wants them to perform, a more complex rhetorical context is necessary than he seems willing to provide. The unwillingness is moral, or perhaps a moral estheticism, but until Merwin breaks through it, he goes on laming an immense gift.

The high artistry of Anthony Hecht has been to nurture his own gift, and to work at it with the deliberateness and steadiness that it deserved from him. *A Summoning of Stones* (1954) and *The Hard Hours* (1967) have now been joined by *Millions of Strange Shadows* (Atheneum; \$7.95). Hecht's distinction, like Richard Wilbur's, demonstrates that "development" may be only a critical trope, since neither Hecht nor Wilbur has "developed," and yet this is a strength rather than a lack in both poets. Emotional intensity and formal power were combined in Hecht from his beginnings; if there has been a deepening in so elegant and grave an art, it has been in the release of a humor gentler than the initial ironies of apprehension that Hecht once cultivated. The 30 poems in Hecht's new book are all fully written, but several truly are the best he has published and are very likely to endure. The very best is "Green: An Epistle," which is a lesson in profound, controlled subjectivity and self-

revelation, an exact antithesis to the opaque squalors of "confessional" poets. Almost equally remarkable are "Coming Home," in which the poet John Clare receives a deeper interpretation than any critic has afforded him, and "Apprehensions," again a masterwork of dramatic introspection.

W.D. Snodgrass began in the shadow of Lowell's *Life Studies*, but with an individual lyricism that presaged a turn away from confessional verse. The turn is very evident in *The Führer Bunker* (BOA Editions, Brockport, New York; \$4.95), a cycle-in-progress of 20 dramatic monologues, spoken by Hitler, Goebbels, Eva Braun *et al.* I started reading this with anticipated dread and distaste, though with admiration for Snodgrass's audacity. His audacity is more than matched by his astonishing skill in ordering his intractable material, and in combining his own inventions with the verifiable details of the last days of Hitler. Granted the immense difficulties he has taken on, Snodgrass demonstrates something of the power of a contemporary equivalent of Jacobean drama at its darkest.

Snodgrass provides a very welcome change from these horrors in his versatile *Six Troubadour Songs* (Burning



BRONOWSKI

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By J. Bronowski

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Deck, Providence; \$2.50). But a lighter touch is best given this year by Kenneth Koch in his book-length poem, *The Duplications* (Random House; \$3.95). Koch's best book is still his *Art of Love*, but *The Duplications* is a very good Byronic poem, an authentic and very funny excursion in the mode and manner of *Beppo* and *Don Juan*.

No single book this year by a younger poet is altogether satisfactory, but that only indicates how immensely difficult it is for newer poets in so rich and varied a contemporary scene, one in which the force of even the recent poetic past is felt so strongly. The poets who can emerge, however repressed, are those whose vocation is most authentic. I have space only for a few, among many, and offer my preferences here with the uneasy conviction that I neglect too many others who deserve discussion.

Frank Bidart is a poet of extraordinary talent who is both sustained and damaged by the narrow, obsessive range of his imagery and thematic concerns. *The Book of the Body* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; \$7.95) follows the earlier *Golden State* in its almost compulsive association of the family romance with tropes of mutilation. Bidart writes narrative so harrowing in design and detail that all of his acute intelligence, moral force and devoted skill at language may continue to be neglected, since very few readers can sustain poems so uncompromising in facing reductive and very unpleasant truths. Yet no critic could advise Bidart to turn away from what now moves him to the labor of poetry.

Charles Wright's *China Trace* (Wesleyan; \$3.45) is a book of apparently slight but actually firm and brilliant metaphysical lyrics, closer to Georg Trakl than any other American poet has come. I have not read this poet before and have missed therefore an admirable writer, whose diction is always precise and illuminating and who sustains his own poetics: *I write poems to untie myself, to do penance and disappear/Through the upper right-hand corner of things, to say grace.*

David Shapiro's *Lateness* (Overlook Press/Viking Press; \$6.95), is the fifth and so far the best volume by a poet who began very early and who is still working through the complex influence of Ashbery. The title poem here is particularly moving, and there is an elegiac intensity throughout that testifies to the struggle of Shapiro's very individual temperament with a poetic inheritance he loves almost too well.

I have not read a contemporary black poet who seems to me as important and

permanent a writer as Jay Wright, whose fourth book, *Soothsayers and Omens* (Seven Woods Press, New York; \$4.25) adds to a distinguished, difficult and absurdly neglected body of work. Jay Wright is a learned, mythological poet, whose difficulties rise not out of the initial strangeness of African mythology but out of the intricate allegories of his interpretations.

I conclude with three "first volumes," which seem to me to stand forth among the dozen or so I have been able to read. Judith Moffett's *Keeping Time* (Louisiana State; \$3.95) is a refreshing collection, stemming from the tough, formal elegance of James Merrill and rising to a pugnacious but dignified final section in which the rigors of being female are set forth more eloquently and formidably than they generally are in recent days. Robert B. Shaw's *Comforting the Wilderness* (Wesleyan; \$3.45) is a very varied and

skillful series of moral and imaginative reflections, worthy of their lineage, since they suggest overtones of Robert Fitzgerald and of Hecht. If Shaw goes on thus, he will be of their very distinguished company. Finally, John Yau's *The Reading of an Ever-Changing Tale* (Nobodaddy Press, Clinton, NY; \$3.50) marks the emergence of another vital young poet by way of the inspiration of Ashbery. I close with a fine trope from Ashbery's new book, where the truth is categorized as being *something one has always known./A heaviness in the trees, and no one can say/Where it comes from, or how long it will stay—/A randomness, a darkness of one's own.* That can be taken as a motto for the ongoing quest, at this time, of an American poetry.

Harold Bloom's most recent book is *Wallace Stevens: The Poems of Our Climate* (Cornell Univ. Press).

Richard Ellmann on biography

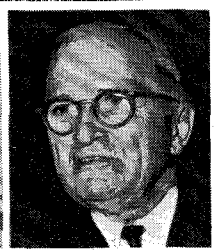
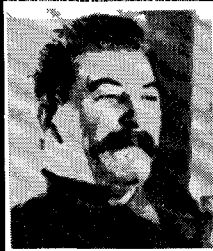
The psychic landscape of our time has the wild look that used to be associated with the frontier. The infant is scarcely born when a Jungian ogress *yeses* it into dependence, only to have a Freudian monster *no* it into rebellion. How survival is possible in these hostile conditions is a mystery. Mouth, anus, and genitals jostle frantically for first position. Behind the bushes Sade and Masoch—spaghetti and macaroni to the tortured palate—lie in wait. We emerge from prenatal bliss to accumulate local infection for consideration by the therapist, or the biographer.

Yet the biographer's role is as uncertain as the therapist's is problematic. The biographer cannot leave behind such traditional ingredients of the psyche as innocence; he cannot immerse himself so deeply in the mind as to disregard the mind's products, or as to anatomize them down to mirror-images or refractions of his subject's weaknesses. If his subject is a writer, the biographer must allow something for the impersonal celebrations of the muse. He cannot ignore society and its intellectual, moral, and political components.

One of his difficulties is to anastomose the mass of urges and repressions within the self to the urges and repressions in the external world. Paul

Ferris's life of Dylan Thomas (Dial Press; \$9.95), good as it is, has not managed to bridge from Thomas to all that was not Thomas yet impinged upon him. Mr. Ferris has dug up much valuable new material, and perhaps we should simply express gratitude for that. But he focuses so sharply on Thomas's personal life that that life assumes a degree of unreality. Alcoholism was perhaps Thomas's destiny, and within it he succeeded in being magnificent and abysmal. Mr. Ferris appears to believe that he can leave Thomas's poems to the critics while confining himself to the "life." But the inner workings of the poems are the inner workings of Thomas. Although his book is sparked time and again by some fine poem or letter, Mr. Ferris offers a minimum of comment on Thomas's wit or achievement. Thomas's extraordinary utterances become simply psychological documents or narrative connecting tissue. The book therefore dwells on diminution. It is well written, but in conception and effect narrow.

Thomas, even at his worst, remains pitiable and likable. Two recent biographies of women deal with subjects for whom sympathy is more difficult. Ruth Hall's *Marie Stopes* (Andre Deutsch; £5.95) gives, as she acknowledges, a



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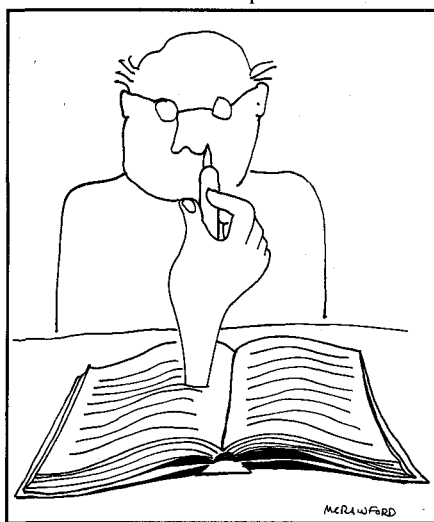
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somewhat mixed picture of her subject, whom she sees as part saint and part megalomaniac. Marie Stopes had the misfortune to be married to a husband as unconsummating as Ruskin. She became interested in contraception before she had experienced that activity that leads to conception, and had to ask Margaret Sanger to explain the devices then available. Gradually she forced birth control on the British public, though she was mulish in insisting on outmoded devices and confused her self-vindication, as publicist for this excellent program, with self-glorification. Miss Hall is much more severe with Marie Stopes than previous biographers. The result is a rather picaresque history of abortive events, such as the exclusion of a second husband, the deflection of maternal love, unrealized fancies, unsatisfied ambitions. The astringent tone of the biographer appears to be justified, though the reader is thereby deprived of one of the delights of biography, sympathetic identification with the subject.

Samuel Levenson experienced something of the same difficulty in composing his life of Maud Gonne, the Irish revolutionary. (*Maud Gonne*, Cassell; £6.95) Her contribution to the intensity of nationalist feeling in Ireland was not small. But it is hard to find any specific achievement except the all-important one of inspiring Yeats's love poetry. Granted Yeats's importance, Mr. Levenson might have been expected to deal with the poet more kindly than he does. He is also strangely ignorant of two of the principal moments in their relationship. The first was that Yeats, though misled in the '90s to think that Maud Gonne was as celibate as himself, when in fact she was having two children by a French journalist, did find requital for his love in 1908. The incident may seem unimportant to others, but it was important to Yeats, and made possible the brag of one of his late dramatis personae, "The first of all the tribe lay there." The other event was that in 1917, when Maud Gonne returned in disguise to Dublin and sought shelter in the house which she had rented to Yeats, he declined to let her in because his wife was sick and he feared the effect on her of a tempestuous visit from the patriotic Maud Gonne. These events helped to give Yeats a sense of detachment which was important in his later writing about his early love. It went with that complex blend of extravagance and mercy that sometimes seems the defining mark of his poetry as of his school's.

Mr. Levenson's book is respectful towards his subject but never succeeds in explaining her revolutionary feelings or in fathoming her conduct as mistress, wife, or mother. To consecrate her work she needed to be martyred, like Madame Roland, but she lived on to be the widow, not of the executed husband from whom she had long since separated, but of an Ireland, similarly partitioned. Longevity was not without its grandeur. Gradually the young men who had once adored her for herself came to visit because they adored Yeats's images of her, and she died, rather unwillingly, into his poems, which she had never greatly liked.

Another biography which cannot help viewing its subject with reservations is Lawrance Thompson's *Frost: The Later Years, 1938-1963* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston; \$17.95) which was published some months ago. Fortunately the biographer lived long enough to plan out the last volume and write enough so that R. H. Winnick could complete it. It is the product of great labor and of wincing affection. Its central place in the con-



Drawing by Michael Crawford

sideration of Frost is assured. What may be mentioned here is a minor source of interest, that it presents not only a portrait of Frost but of Frost's biographer. Thompson was a different kind of man, charming (though, as Frost ruthlessly said, "that's not enough") and decent. He had nothing of Frost's unwholesome self-indulgence, passion and remorse for passion, or of his capacity to wash himself clean when he sat down to write. Frost gradually came to see that a biographer would have to be enwound and guilt-ridden like himself to detect that mixture of holding on and letting go that characterized his life. Thompson's biography takes on a special color because of the basic incompatibility of the two men. One feels, often through his adverbs, his latent revulsion

at some action of Frost, which he none the less faithfully records.

Another biography in which the relation of the author to his subject is of great importance is Andrew Field's *Nabokov: His Life in Part* (Hamish Hamilton; £8.50). What Nabokov expected and wanted Field to write was a monumental life. Instead Mr. Field wrote an exceedingly mannered book in which the ups and downs of his relations with Nabokov played a large part. The method does give an aspect of Nabokov's conversation, and a phase of his reaction to the world. But it seems disappointingly incomplete for a major novelist, and the long excursus on the Nabokov forebears is heavy going. It is unfortunate that Mr. Field should have failed to discuss Nabokov's books on the ground that he had already done so. They might have illuminated and solidified that gnomic personality.

For lack of space I cannot discuss here two recent biographies which impressed me as eliciting the best of their subjects, Robert Liddell's *Cavafy* (Schocken; \$8.95) and Beth Archer Brombert's *Cristina: Portrait of a Princess* (Knopf; \$15), the latter a woman beloved by Lafayette, Musset, Heine, and many others. But something may be said about autobiography. Neruda's is dense and moving, especially in its description of his early life. Isherwood's *Christopher and His Kind, 1929-1939* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; \$10) is of course well written but rather off-putting, however admirable its candor. The years of childhood evoked so powerfully in *Lions and Shadows* may be described in that book with circumspection, but the new memoirs, however truthful, are crisscrossed with minor feuds and likings that make somewhat repellent reading. These books have their inevitable audience, but a third autobiography might go unnoticed in spite of its excellent quality.

This is E. R. Dodds's *Missing Persons: An Autobiography* (Oxford University Press; £5.95). Dodds is the sometime Regius Professor of Classics at Oxford. It might be supposed that he lived the serene and untroubled life which is popularly attributed to the Greeks, but in fact it was sufficiently the contrary to encourage him to write his famous book, *The Greeks and the Irrational*. Born an Anglo-Irishman, he remained in England an emigré, and even at Oxford was for many years not accepted. Early on he came to feel that his life was controlled by what the Greeks called a daemon. Sometimes this forced him to be honest when others were not. So,

when the headmaster of his school in Belfast brought the boys what he called "the dreadful news that His Majesty King Edward the Seventh was dead," Dodds felt compelled to break the hush by asking, "But wasn't he a very bad man and not a particularly good King?" At other times, his daemon appeared to control his body in spite of his own wish. When the headmaster, wishing to punish him for some infraction, said, "Hold out your hand," Dodds's hand, rather to his surprise, refused to move. And when, some years later, he was on a ship full of Black and Tans who stood up for "God Save the King," Dodds's body refused to rise. He narrowly escaped having that body pitched into the Irish Sea. In the same way, he declared himself an atheist when atheists were out of fashion, he was antiwar in 1914 when everyone was for it, and favored resistance to Hitler in the mid-1930s when peace at any price had the cry.

Some of the best moments in Dodds's book have to do with his fellow poets. There was only one other student in his Oxford course on Proclus in 1914, a young American who proved to be, like Dodds, interested in verse. Dodds invited him to read one of his poems to a student group called the Coterie, and the young man obliged with "The Love-Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," in what must have been Eliot's first public reading. Dodds was close friends with

MacNeice and Auden, and well acquainted with Yeats, who did him the honor of borrowing the line, "A fabulous, formless darkness," from something Dodds had translated. What seems to raise this book above the level of most autobiographies is not only such lively encounters, but a kind of metaphysics in which Dodds's daemon plays a part. It was his interest in his daemon that perhaps encouraged Dodds to recognize the irrational in Greek life, which prompted him to practice hypnotism, and to experiment with psychic phenomena and scrutinize similar experiments by others. It gave him also an intense interest in Freudian psychology and in dreams. At the end of his book Dodds says that he still does not know the daemon's name, and I think he means that while it often appeared to him as unreason, it might have been reason itself, for like Plato, Dodds seems to think that reason itself may exert a daemonic force.

Keats said that every man's life of any worth is a perpetual allegory. What is missing from the less successful of the books discussed here, including some well written ones, is this sense of a further implication, a dimension beyond the factual to which the facts give homage.

Richard Ellmann is at work on a biography of Oscar Wilde.

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John Canaday on art books

The best art book of the year? Depends on what you like. The two that I greeted with most pleasure were *The Notebooks of Edgar Degas* by Theodore Reff (Oxford University Press; \$97.50), reviewed in this column recently, and *The Late Middle Ages* by Wim Swaan (Cornell University Press; \$27.50), books on subjects of particular interest to me, satisfactorily presented. By my definition, "satisfactorily presented" means copiously illustrated with plates that are collaborative with the text instead of taking over the show, and are as respectful as possible to the original paintings, drawings, or sculptures.

The definition immediately raises a problem about a book that impressed me so unfavorably at first run-through that

I put it aside for the Prix Jukebox, my annual award given to the flashiest rehash of threadbare material—*Art Now*, by Edward Lucie-Smith (William Morrow and Company; \$29.95). Covering the years from abstract expressionism to superrealism (with an introduction going back to antiquity—that is, fauvism and cubism), the material has been surveyed, re-surveyed, and re-resurveyed so many times that the book could almost be called, by this time, *Art Then*, especially since the most important immediately contemporary movement, the return to realism, is given relatively short shrift.

However, I must rescind the prize. (Too bad, since it means excising from this piece a couple of my favorite

paragraphs.) Mr. Lucie-Smith's text—as expectable in his case—is clear, fluent, and authoritative, with just enough salt of personal bias to bring out the flavor of the works he discusses. My objection is to the color and frenetic make-up. If cigarette packages have to carry the warning that smoking is dangerous to your health, art book jackets should be required to confess that color reproductions more often than not maim the originals. This is certainly true of *Art Now*. The entire book is in color, and everything is so bright, so aggressive, so gaudy and overplayed (even when you remember the book deals with a period when the art scene itself was gaudy and overplayed) that the illustrations are neither collaborative with the text nor respectful of the originals. All textures are reduced to a uniform slickness, and everything ends by looking alike.

What is really bugging me, I suspect, is the contrast between unnecessary books like *Art Now* and the fate of so many books that fill real gaps, books like *Adam Elsheimer* by Keith Andrews (Rizzoli; \$60), the first full-scale account in English of this German painter who died in 1610 at the age of only 32. Elsheimer left behind a body of works so small in both quantity and dimensions that with a little crowding all of it can be accommodated in this rather small volume. The 136 black and white illustrations are crisply reproduced, and the color plates (only four of them) look pretty good to me. The text and catalogue are impeccable. In short, a good book if not as handsomely done up as I wish it were. But it costs \$60, which automatically limits it to college book shelves. Nobody is going to discover Adam Elsheimer because of it.

Well, that's art-book publishing. It makes you wonder how our winner, *The Late Middle Ages*, which by weight and volume is at least three times the size of Adam Elsheimer and much more fancily produced, can be sold for only \$27.50. That moderate price is, in truth, a strong consideration in awarding it top honors. I have one major objection, which is that too many illustrations are bled off the page at one side, or at top, or at bottom. The rule for bleeding should be "All four sides on a full page, or no bleeding at all. No exceptions."

Otherwise, the pictures look accidentally amputated, chopped off—stumps clinging unhappily to the page edge.

Forgive this fault of design, and *The Late Middle Ages* is a treasure house. Of course there is a great deal of familiar material. The standard monuments of architecture, painting, and sculpture are included. The difference is that, apparently willing to depend on our acquaintance with these monuments, Mr. Swaan plays up instead less familiar beauties, walloping us with full pages of good color in the service of, as instances, a detail of polychromed sculpture by an unknown artist in a chapel of St. Georgskirche, Dinkelsbühl, a Flemish embroidery of 1390 that has found its way into the crypt at New York, and the polychromed chancel screen, about 1450, at Cullompton Parish Church, Devon. Enamored, and rightly so, of his own photography, Mr. Swaan includes full-page black and whites of such

problem, is the biggest problem of all when it comes to heavily textured paintings. The art book that comes closest to success in that field this year is *Millet* by Andre Fermigier (Rizzoli; \$40); the one that declares the glory of plain old black and white is *Leon Battista Alberti* by Franco Borsi (Harper & Row; \$55).

The Millet book rides in on the wave of this 19th-century master's rehabilitated reputation, recognized last year by a beautiful volume of his drawings. (Will whoever borrowed my copy please return it?) Sentimentalism and tens of thousands of wretched color prints of *The Angelus* and *The Sower* must be forgotten in recognizing Millet as a beautiful painter, by which I mean a beautiful putter-on of paint to canvas, a master of solid volumes represented in rich surfaces. Put the color plates in *Millet* up against the originals and there are bound to be differences, yet the inclusion of several full size details

emphasizing texture (always an inherent and determining quality in color) brings you about as close to the originals as you are going to get on a sheet of paper. It is only in details at full size that accurate color reproduction can be approximated, since reduction in the size of color areas shifts their inter-relationships even though the areas are reduced in proportion to one another.

I used to claim that color is as important in illustrating architecture as in painting, but after some horrible experiences with post-card blue skies and that kind of thing, I have backed down. Borsi's book on Alberti, all in black and white, is the finest book on architecture since Paolo Portoghesi's *Roma Barocca* (published in English in 1970 by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology). *Leon Battista Alberti* is a splendid book that loses first place by a nose in a photo finish with *The Late Middle Ages* on my personal list only because I am more interested in the persistence of

medievalism in the 15th century outside Italy than I am in the rise of the Renaissance within it.

You might say that Alberti, after five centuries (he died in 1472) and innumerable treatises, is hardly a new subject, but there is a difference between a re-hash and the ultimate scholarly treatise combined with



Figure of a carpenter in Amiens Cathedral. Illustration from *The Late Middle Ages*, courtesy of Cornell Univ. Press.

seldom seen sculptures as Juan de la Huerta's lovely queen from the Burgundian church of Rouvres-en-Plaine. Furthermore, as a major virtue, this is the first book I have seen that gives proper attention to late Spanish and Portuguese Gothic in context with the styles elsewhere in Europe.

Accurate color reproduction, always a

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Antonio Rivera: Spain

"Printemps Vert"—With colors that seem to be lit from within, Rivera is able to convey the season—the very temperature—in this richly-hued symphony to spring. This well-known artist, who has exhibited in galleries in Copenhagen, Stockholm, Madrid, Cannes and Barcelona, has pencil-signed and numbered this limited edition of 375 plus 35 artist's proofs pulled at Atelier Gourdon, Paris, 1976. The stones were then defaced. Matted in Soft Green, then framed in anodized brushed gold aluminum to measure 21½ x 25½ inches of spring distilled to a single impression.

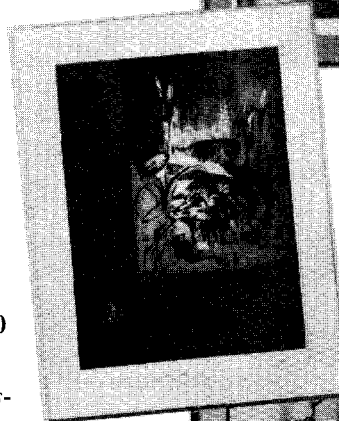
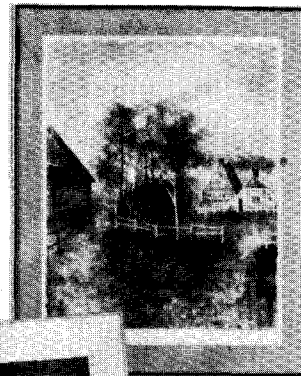
1189—"Printemps Vert" . . . \$56.00

Hoi: The Orient

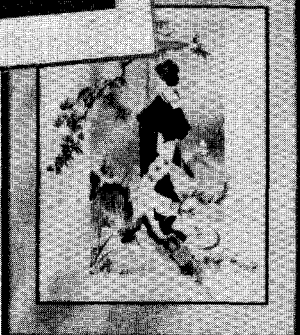
"Fleurs et Papillons"—A phosphorescent spring surges from a lithograph that's graced with carnations, dappled with butterflies, hall-marked with raised embossing, and fired with glorious light and color. From this internationally acclaimed artist whose works are in the Rockefeller and Loo Collections, comes this pencil-signed and numbered edition limited to 375 plus 35 artist's proofs. Pulled at Atelier Gourdon, Paris, 1975, the stones were then defaced. Matted in Pure White. Framed in Oriental style molding with black

Art Works

"Printemps Vert" by Antonio Rivera



"Fleurs et Papillons" by Hoi



"Oriental Garden" by Joy Dunn

Lavernia: France

Colors so vivacious they almost sing. A composition so enchanting the perfume of the flowers almost explodes from this many-hued ode to spring. With acclaimed exhibits at Paris' finest Salons, Lavernia presents this pencil signed and numbered edition, limited to 375 plus 35 artist's proofs. Pulled at Atelier Gourdon, Paris, 1976, the stones were then defaced. Matted in Sky Blue and framed in anodized brushed silver aluminum, measuring 22 x 26 inches of the purest joy.

1154—"Pivoines et Bleuets" . . . \$54.00

Joy Dunn: The United States

"Oriental Garden"—blends the two primal conceptions that dominate Japanese art—the grace of women and the beauty of nature into a single, serene, delicate statement. Both a well-known pastel artist and freelance illustrator, Ms Dunn has pencil-signed and numbered this edition of 375 plus 25 artist's proofs. Pulled at Graphic House, Englishtown, New Jersey, in 1976, the stones were then defaced. Double-matted in Natural Silk over Dark Green in a bamboo design antique green finished frame, measuring 22½ x 26½ inches.

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beautiful new photographs cataloguing Alberti's buildings and bringing you close to their exquisite details. Alberti has always stirred me to respect rather than excited admiration, but this book has changed all that, revealing his work (and his thought) in such a way that I'm afraid I am going to have to go back to Florence, Mantua, and Rimini for a new look.

At the moment of writing, the dock strike has held up half a dozen books that I had hoped to inspect for this report. Among those that made it under the line and turned out to be admirable, interesting, or otherwise exceptional, are the following:

The Miraculous Journey of Mahomet, with introduction and commentaries by Marie-Rose Séguy (Braziller; \$35). What to say? Each year Braziller brings out a near-facsimile of a sumptuous illuminated manuscript. This one, from the Bibliothèque Nationale, reproduces 57 pages from a 15th-century Islamic book in which the colors, flat and vivid and interspersed with gold, are peculiarly adaptable to reproduction. These pages are, in three words, raving, tearing, beauties.

Soviet Art in Exile, by Igor Golomshtok and Alexander Glezer, introduction by Sir Roland Penrose (Random House; \$17.50) may surprise you by showing that in spite of the well-publicized repression of Soviet artists who depart from the official program, there has been a lively band of modernists somehow managing to work and live. Since I am altogether sympathetic with these artists creatively, in honesty I can only say that I can find nothing in their work, as shown in this book, that goes beyond the level of second-rate following of outmoded European avant-gardism. Under the circumstances, I suppose, this has to be expected. True creation can flourish only in an atmosphere of free exchange of nascent ideas.

Surrealists and Surrealism by Gaeton Picon (Rizzoli; \$50) struck me at first inspection as another candidate for the Prix Jukebox, adding nothing to its subject (which includes dada as well as surrealism) and falling short of the detailed, scholarly treatment of the same material in William S. Rubin's *Dada and Surrealist Art*. The emphasis in the new book, however, is different, playing up the high jinks, the crass showmanship, narcissism, impertinence and general neurotic tomfoolery in the name of art affected by members of the

movements. These shock tactics, stale though they look today, were so large a part of dada and surrealism that they are here brought back into focus as an element that has been treated too reverently. You need a very big table to spread this book out on. Open, it is two feet wide.

Peter Milton/*Complete Etchings 1960-1976*, commentary and editing by Kneeland McNulty, with essays by the artist (Impressions Workshop, Boston;

\$23.95 cloth, \$13.95 paper). This book interested me as an exception in art publishing—an effective, fastidious, and low-profiled presentation of the work of an excellent but not very well-known artist by a publisher I never heard of. It is a delightful book to come upon at this time of year as an antidote to the brouhaha of art publishing in general.

John Canaday is TNR's art and photography columnist.

Robert Lekachman on economics

Not a bad 12 months at all for seekers of economic enlightenment from economists and others. For fun and intellectual profit the prize item is a judicious set of selections from Galbraith's 30-odd years of incessant guidance to his adopted country. *The Galbraith Reader* (Gambit; \$12.95) displays with the help of intelligent editorial commentary the continuity of its subject's thought from his single venture in book length technical economics, the 1952 *A Theory of Price Control* to this year's *The Age of Uncertainty*, based on the scripts of the BBC series. As *The Reader* makes plain, Galbraith has steadfastly echoed themes of Veblen and Tawney. His distaste for inequality is complemented by deep attachment to esthetic values and sincere belief that these are better fostered by public than private patrons. As an economist, Galbraith is skeptical about free market theory on the reasonable ground that there appears to be a shortage of real life competition. He has been a close student of the large corporation and a true believer in price controls, national economic planning, and occasional wholesome nationalization of eligible industries. Interspersed with excerpts from his major books, there are fragments from *The Scotch*, an account of his Indian embassy, a diary of a China visit, and his stylish portrayal of *The Great Crash*.

Proving that more economists than one command civilized prose, Albert Hirschman in *The Passions and the Interests* (Princeton; \$2.95) recounts an episode of intellectual history laden with contemporary applications. His essay centers upon the argument among Hume, Adam Smith, Sir James Stuart,

Montesquieu and others about the conflict between the urge to dominate and prudential tendencies simply to maximize one's profits or wages. For today's economic theorists the moral is a certainty that overemphasis upon rational calculation of self-interest and corresponding neglect of pride, avarice, family affection and other passions, great and small, diminish the validity of much economic speculation and the usefulness of the recommendations drawn from the speculation.

The last sentence brings me to the single representative of such conventional analysis on this list, *The Public Use of Private Interest* (Brookings; \$7.95, \$2.95 paper) by Charles L. Schultze, once Lyndon Johnson's budget director and currently Jimmy Carter's chief economist. Originally delivered as Harvard's Godkin Lectures, the text is a cool, rational examination of the justification for public intervention into competitive private markets (of which Schultze sees more examples than does Galbraith) and the optimal means by which such interventions can employ market mechanisms to promote public objectives. Schultze much prefers "modifying the informational flow, institutional structure, or incentive pattern of that private system" to "grafting a specific command-and-control module—a regulatory apparatus—onto the system of incentive-oriented private enterprises." Yes, that's the way economists write. Effluent charges are better than any "central control agency." So also with the regulation of industrial safety and consumer products. The virtue of this approach is its judicious, quasi-mathematical calculation. The defects

include abstraction from the passionate distaste of many Americans for legitimizing pollution, known work hazards, and harmful products, and neglect of the degree to which private markets are distorted by gross inequalities of income, wealth, and influence.

I come next to two very different explorations of global poverty and the prospects of its amelioration. *The Future of the World Economy* by Wassily Leontieff, Anne P. Carter and Peter Petri (Oxford; \$12.95 paper) is an econometric study, intellectually based upon the input-output matrices for which Leontieff won his Nobel award, about growth prospects in the rich north and the poor south of the planet. The tables and charts are for the initiated. In the plain but cautious prose of reports sponsored by the United Nations, the authors mix good and bad news. The good news is the absence of resource and technological limitations upon growth and the consequent realistic hope of narrowing the present enormous gap between the lucky and the unlucky of the world. The bad news concerns human behavior and Hirschman's uglier passions. Instead of sane concentration upon balanced growth, many of the poor nations indulge themselves in prestige projects, fritter away scarce resources upon military ventures, permit their elites to squander potential investment resources upon gaudy consumer goods, and do little to improve the condition of the majority of their own workers and peasants.

Michael Harrington in partial contrast emphasizes the responsibility of the United States and other rich nations for the continuation of desperate poverty elsewhere in the world. His *The Vast Majority—A Journey to the World's Poor* (Simon & Schuster; \$9.95) mingles his own anguished response to Indian, Mexican, and African destitution with new Marxist analysis of the part played in creating and maintaining that destitution by multinational corporations and the governments which promote their interests. The neo-Marxists offer no solutions. Harrington, a democrat as well as a socialist who dedicates this book to Willy Brandt and Julius Nyerere, is despondently driven to explore what can be done to help poor people and poor nations within the context of capitalist dominion. With the tentative exception of Nyerere's Tanzania, there is little immediate hope of either socialism or democracy. Harrington hopes to arouse the American conscience to support

more foreign aid and better trade deals for the developing world.

Nobody is very cheerful. In *Politics and Markets—The World's Political Economic System* (Basic; \$15), Charles E. Lindblom, a mere political scientist, has written 1977's most important and depressing interpretation of the influence of wealth upon democracy. [Robert Lekachman will review *Politics and Markets* at length in a future issue.] A taxonomist of near genius, Lindblom discounts the claims of both polyarchy (political science for democracy) and Communist planning. In practice the corporate power to determine the agenda of public discussion severely limits the scope of formal freedoms in the United States. Our arrangements, promote monopoly, inequality, waste, unemployment, and inflation. The defects of planned societies are even more grave. Even though they are typically somewhat less unequal and likely to do better at providing full employment and basic welfare, planned societies fail politically because of their reliance upon steady coercion and intermittent terror. They are weak economically because incentives for innovation and efficiency are feeble. Lindblom is no partisan of either

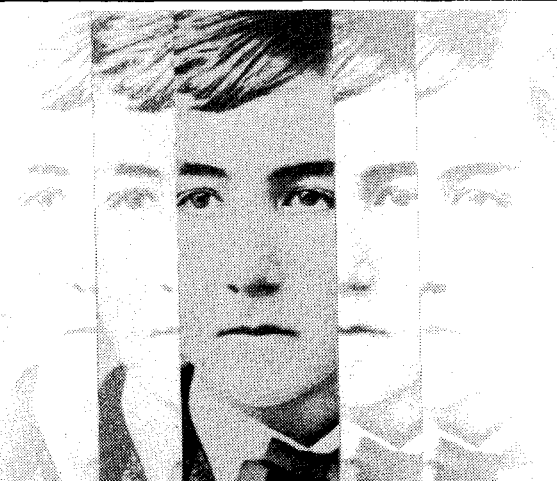
kind of organization and he offers only half-hearted hope of reforming our own system, primarily by bribing corporations to behave themselves.

As most reviewers have noted, Marvin Harris, who teaches anthropology at Columbia University, has in *Cannibals and Kings—the Origins of Cultures* (Random House; \$10) floated a sweeping, monistic interpretation of human history. I include his book not only or mainly because like his colleagues he tells many grisly tales but for the reason that the theory is a severely materialistic, quasi-Marxist set of speculations. Population pressure intensifies the hunt for protein and destroys the animals, soil, and resources which are capable of supplying that protein. As we wildly consume fossil fuels, we replicate the experience with technological trimmings of earlier societies. Unless indeed we behave more sensibly than the denizens of civilizations long since expired of their own folly, we shall shortly share their fate.

The bookstores are cluttered with books on energy. By all odds Robert Engler's *The Brotherhood of Oil* (Chicago; \$12.50) is the best single account of the organization and politics of this industry

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that I have come across. It admirably and literately synthesizes stacks of Congressional hearings and mountains of monographs. Engler is notably skeptical of divestiture and nationalization as ways of bending Exxon and its gigantic siblings to the public interest. Indeed like most of my honorees, he is far better at diagnosis than at therapy.

As the result of several misadventures E. J. Mishan's new book *The Economic Growth Debate* (Allen & Unwin; \$16.50) has not reached me. From Mishan's earlier writings and the Genlish reviews of this book, I'd guess that this is a valuable contribution to the continuing debate over the benefits, costs, and possibilities of continued growth.

A parting comment. With the single exception of Charles Schultze's con-

tribution to which I gave a mixed report, the best books about economics in 1977 were written either by heterodox economists or practitioners of other social sciences. I don't think that this is the accidental product of either my prejudices or the limits of my reading. The fact is that though there are more economic PhD's in the Carter cabinet and White House than ever before in human memory, conventional economics of either the Keynesian or Friedmanite variety is less and less useful and less and less persuasive.

Robert Lekachman

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics at Lehman College (CUNY).

Robin W. Winks on Mysteries

There is an alleged report, no doubt spurious, of which I have often been told: that a sociologist, having studied typical readers of science fiction and typical readers of detective stories, has concluded that most of the former are Democrats and most of the latter are Republicans. People who like science fiction, it is said, are dreamers who wish the future and perhaps the present could be different. They are willing to see probability set aside in favor of Utopia. Readers of detective fiction, on the other hand, are said to be concerned with Order; they wish to prevent excesses in society; they are convinced that details count in life. Edmund Burke is their hero. Bill Buckley, when he turns to fiction, writes spy thrillers, not science fantasy. And so the argument runs on.

Such a report may exist; after all, sociologists have to write to get tenure too, and I have seen with my own eyes a report on the degree of driver discipline in France, Belgium, Nigeria, Malaya, England, and California compared (California won), as well as a thesis on variables in the bounce of a basketball. Certainly academics, and perhaps many others as well, are fascinated with why presumably intelligent people read so much presumably unintelligent stuff. The number of serious minded people who have been prepared to come out of the closet this last year in particular is remarkable: in grand gatherings at mystery writers' conventions, at Nero

Wolfe banquets, and even in print. The mystery looks like getting respectable, and what with John le Carré on the cover of *Time*, the spy thriller has clearly crossed from the other side of the tracks.

The contrast between science fiction and detective stories always has struck me as a bit fanciful, and I prefer a rather different conceit. A good murder mystery is like a good football game. Bart Giamatti, who professes comparative literature at Yale, thinks poetry is like a baseball game. The contrast is not so far fetched as one might think: in poetry, one knows what the poet hopes to do and waits to marvel at the doing of it—the mystery, if there is one, is in the performance. In baseball, nearly anyone with some knowledge of the game can tell precisely what the batter wants to do, and knows exactly what the pitcher must accomplish; there is no suspense arising from doubt as to intent, but rather suspense over whether the players have the skill to execute their intent. In football, all is suspense, for the quarterback or the coach must (at least in theory), almost instantly calculate a number of variables—wind, distance to a first down, number of downs, time to play, opponent's weaknesses, team's strengths, position on field, etc.—and decide on the right play. Even a very knowledgeable spectator may be surprised, as the quarterback will hope his opponents are. Football is a kind of brawny chess. Mystery stories are like

that too; the best of them create an almost divine tension between the known and the unknown. Like history.

Most writers of detective fiction today seem to have forgotten this fundamental element of their craft. They have traded in doubt for the wisecrack, taking the most facile from Chandler without grasping the substance. Sometimes the wisecracks can be very funny; on occasion someone is able to integrate them with character, and character with plot, in the way Rex Stout did for Archie Goodwin, but not often. A case in point is Charles Alverson, whose book, *Not Sleeping, Just Dead* (Houghton Mifflin; \$7.95), follows the adventures of Joe Goodey, ex-San Francisco cop, now private eye, whom we met in 1975 in *Goodey's Last Stand*. Reviewers pronounced Alverson to be a combination of Chandler, Bogart, and Hammett. Well, yes. *Goodey's Last Stand* does have some marvelously evocative Chanderlesque talk, and it contains a remarkable scene in which Joe Goodey meets with an aged M. Phillips, Private Investigator, who is living in the plush Mark Hopkins but whose rooms have been furnished like a back-alley abortionist's. Alverson makes himself shoutingly clear: here is Philip Marlowe, now 70, passing the baton to the younger man. This laying on of hands is the best thing in the book for the mystery is tissue-paper thin and a summary of the plot would be embarrassing. *Not Sleeping, Just Dead* has even less plot, and its depiction of a "rehabilitation commune" at Big Sur is unreal. Still, the dialogue crackles, and Alverson can write, and perhaps this is enough for a midnight read.

Well, no, it isn't. One wants a bit of density with the detail. One wants character to relate to conclusion. Above all, one wants an element of mystery, for if there is no hint of surprise in the end one may as well simply watch a rerun of a favorite football game purely for the joy of the choreography in it.

Two writers, both English, demonstrated dramatically in 1977 that the well-wrought mystery is not dead. One was P.D. James, written of before in this space, and the other was Reginald Hill. James's *Death of an Expert Witness* (Scribner's; \$8.95) is quite possibly her best book: certainly the characters are the most credible, the writing is the most controlled (after a slight lapse in *The Black Tower*), and the sense of rhythm is the most subtle. There is an unexplained red herring early on, and the reader is told a little too clearly that the solution is buried in the past, in a scene

in which a scientific officer examines a coccolith, the skeleton of a microorganism from ancient seas now found in the chalk of East Anglia. But all else is perfect.

James's mystery concerns the murder of an unpopular senior biologist in a forensic science laboratory. Many individuals are shown to have classic motives for the murder. The first victim (for there are two) is a satisfactory villain, and we are not certain we wish to see the murderer caught. Adam Dalgliesh is a sensitive, keenly intelligent officer from Scotland Yard whose growth is palpable from book to book; he is also a poet, and Miss James convinces us that he is a good one without making the mistake of giving us any of his poetry. He can quote Crabbe, "the most English of poets," and not only get it right but make it relevant. In the end the murderer forfeits the right to feel pain and Dalgliesh must feel it for the murderer.

James appeals to fans of Dorothy Sayers, Margery Allingham, and Agatha Christie, but she appeals to fans of Ross Macdonald as well. Her sense of taste, even when dealing with the distasteful, is acute; her professional knowledge is that of a hospital administrator; her manner of depicting character is feminine, precise, compassionate and clear-eyed. In this last respect she differs from Reginald Hill, whose *Ruling Passion* (Harper and Row; \$8.95), published in England in 1973, appears in the United States for the first time, for Hill is masculine, a little gross at times, yet also every inch the craftsman.

Ruling Passion (the words are from Alexander Pope) is Hill's fourth book. It is not his best: *A Clubbable Woman*, which takes us inside a local, low-caste, Rugby scrum, is that; it is, however, his most intricate, and by now his attractive Police Sergeant, Peter Pascoe (his superior officer, Dalziel, may resent him for having a degree in social science), much deserving of a promotion, has become a fully blown character about whom we want to learn more. This time Pascoe and his girl arrive to spend a weekend with old friends to find three of them dead, killed by a shotgun at close range, and one of them missing. The procedural detail that follows is satisfying; the exploration of Pascoe's divided loyalties even more so; and the clues are laid down with such scrupulous fairness, no one can complain. This is, quite simply, a fine book.

So the trend is up on the English again, which is no surprise. Not all the

English, of course. I don't usually mention distinctly bad books here, for space is limited and it seems a poor way to waste it. Yet two recent books are so indicative of the down trend, they require a word. One, *The Man Without a Name* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; \$7.95), by Martin Russell, is a rerun of a standard and sometimes compelling plot: the person who comes home on what appears to be an ordinary day to discover his wife does not recognize him, that the neighbors insist he is not who he believes himself to be, and the police, office colleagues, and casual contacts of previous years all appear to be in on the plot against him as well. Who is he? What is the nature of the plot? How will he recover his identity? These are classic questions, trite perhaps, and modern. Russell grasps some reasonable suspense from the process and then cheats utterly in order to get himself out of the mess he has made.

The other unhappy trend, already noted, is toward the detective who is all wisecrack and no substance. Charles Quinn in *The Gone Man* (Random House; \$7.95), by Brad Solomon, is one such, and his lines aren't even funny. Virtually the entire book consists of one sentence paragraphs, inconsequential and unrelated detail, inept detecting, plotless purpose and purposeless people. It concerns a search for the missing son of a movie tycoon; beneath the surface there is nothing going on; on the surface nothing moves. This the kind of book in which *Flowers of Evil* leads not to Baudelaire but to a pointless set of remarks—nothing so sustained as a discussion—about Orson Welles's film *Touch of Evil*.

The latest established writer to try his hand at the private eye novel is Richard Brautigan. His admirers would argue that *Dreaming of Babylon* (Delacorte; \$7.95) isn't a private eye novel at all, despite an explicit statement on the dust jacket to this effect, and as one would expect from the author of *Trout Fishing in America*, private eye C. Card doesn't prove to be competent, or even real. But he is amusing, and the writing has its unattractive yet effective moments: "God had done him a favor when He stalled his car one rainy night on some railroad tracks just outside of Merced. He had been a traveling salesman: brushes. After the train hit his car they couldn't tell the difference between him and his brushes. I think they buried him with some of his brushes in the coffin, believing they were part of him." Much

of it is a parody of the hard boiled: "He looked as if he'd get a lot of pleasure out of going ten rounds with your grandmother and making sure she went the whole distance. Afterwards you could take her home in a gallon jar." Some is irredeemably vulgar: the coffee offered by the morgue attendant tastes "like he got it out of the asshole of one of his corpse friends." Some of it is just right: a cop, not fat, tells a rich lady that if she will tell all he will make it easy on her, and she froths forth with: "Listen, fat cop. First, these handcuffs are too tight. Second, I want a beer. Third, I'm rich and it's already easy for me." But I don't think that Brautigan is likely to come this way again.

Lawrence Block, who was bidding fair to become a good hard boiled dick, has lost his nerve and given us *Burglars Can't be Choosers* (Random House; \$6.95), which is cutesy wise. In his thin story about a professional and cultured burglar who is asked to steal a leather box that doesn't prove to be where it should be, Block commits all of the worst excesses of George Bagby, namely unconscionable padding, and of Howard Fast in his guise of E.V. Cunningham, confusing the coy with the crisp. One hopes Block will get back to Matt Scudder soon.

This report to the investors is not meant to be one long grumble, however, for there is good news at year's end. At least one new series figure looks worth a long journey: James Hazell, the creation of P.B. Yuill (a pseudonym for Gordon Williams and Terry Venables), who in his second appearance in Penguins, *Hazell and the Three-Card Trick* (Penguin; \$1.95), shows all the gift for argot that George Higgins has shown. Another

CRIME-OF- THE-MONTH

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PENGUIN BOOKS



figure, Matt Helm, was back again from the hand of Donald Hamilton, this time battling *The Terrorizers* (Fawcett, \$1.75), and if the titles to the Helm series are beginning to become interchangeable, the pace is as fast as ever. This novel suffers from having Helm the apparent or real victim of amnesia, not a plot gimmick that is easy to bring off, and Hamilton doesn't resolve all of the



Drawing by Salvador Bru

contradictions. Then, too, there is the best ever book from James McClure, who in *The Sunday Hangman* brings Lieutenant Tromp Kramer, Afrikaaner, and his Zulu assistant, Sergeant Mickey Zondi, to us for the sixth time. The solution, indeed the crime, turns upon the nature of South African society, with apartheid, being nicely integrated into the purpose of the book.

Two trends already clear for the last year or so continued. One was toward more scholarship. John McAleer's long awaited biography of Rex Stout (Little, Brown; \$15) appeared, and while one may be permitted to wonder whether Stout, good as he was, really needs a 622-page biography, there is little padding here. Stout's career as a civil libertarian is given the prominence it deserves, and McAleer shows how both Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin became Stout's purveyors of biting social commentary, whether on racism (*Too Many Cooks*), immigration restriction (*The Golden Spiders*), or near the end, the FBI (*The Doorbell Rang*, a book partially inspired by an FBI agent's query to Stout whether a subject of investigation read *The New Republic* or not). Janet Pate provided an illustrated chronicle of the detective genre, *The Book of Sleuths* (Contemporary Books; \$5.95), which was valuable for its eclecticism—Dick Tracy side by side with Peter Wimsey. Otto Penzler, a one-man publishing machine

who is doing much to give the study of crime fiction respectability, produced *The Private Lives of Private Eyes and Spies, Crime Fighters, and Other Good Guys* (Grosset & Dunlap; \$14.95), which provides excellent short biographies from Lew Archer to Nero Wolfe with much in between. Penzler also added to his Mysterious Press imprint (East Station, Yonkers, New York) *Lew Archer, Private Investigator*, the early short stories of Ross Macdonald (\$10), with an introduction by Macdonald which is as unrevealing as usual, and which proves that even a master of detail can slip, since he tells us that at 13, as a reader of the adventures of Falcon Swift, the Monocled Manhunter, in *Boy's Magazine*—a weekly English pulp bought in Winnipeg on Saturday afternoons—he was led toward his present profession. (*Boy's Magazine* was from Pennsylvania; Macdonald presumably means *Boy's Own Magazine*, still a fine source for the historian who wants to see how racial and other stereotypes were shaped at the height of the British Empire.)

One small but telling scholarly dust-up took place in the almost invisible pages of *Red Herrings*, the bulletin of the Crime Writer's Association of Great Britain. *Red Herrings* quoted Desmond Bagley, one of the best English writers of spy/thriller fiction, as having written in the bulletin of the Mystery Writers' Association of America, *Third Degree*, that he was tired of "mindless sub-editors" translating his English into American. An all night chemist's shop is changed to drug store, destroying the atmosphere of the narrative, presumably because "the great American public" was believed to be "too dim-witted to understand standard English." Bagley's point was so well taken, one betted against any reply, for surely most readers pursue a Christie (and yes, a Bagley) precisely because they are English and plot and write well. One would have lost the bet, but a sub-editor replied with a letter which might have been a parody and which is worth quoting whole:

Would Desmond Bagley complain if his work were translated into German or French? The average American does not understand the whole vocabulary of British English, so why confuse them? [sic] Those who don't normally speak Spanish, Navajo, Zuni, Creole or Yiddish talk plain American. If you don't learn plain American you might as well talk to yourself. They are not necessarily dim-witted, they are foreign. The country stopped being one of your colonies 201 years ago!

This exercise in the non sequitur was followed by more commentary from offended authors who found that their text had been "tampered with by a tin-eared, style-deaf, sub-literate moron whose native tongue appears to be Lower Slobbovian." It was all calculated to prove Edmund Wilson right but also raised some nice problems.

The niceness of the problem was perhaps best illustrated by Paul Theroux, not generally regarded as a mystery writer, whose *The Family Arsenal* appeared as a Ballantine (\$2.35) and whose *The Consul's File* (Houghton Mifflin; \$8.95) revealed some of the sense of nuance Theroux picked up in Malaysia. The latter, a series of interwoven short stories in the manner of Maugham, was mildly disappointing despite several elements of mystery, and one explicit such story, "The Johore Murders," with a lovely final line. The London of *The Family Arsenal*, almost claustrophobic, is brilliantly captured, as is Ayer Hitam, the small inland Johore town, and yet one is aware in a number of subtle ways that Theroux is an American writing of scenes he has experienced without fully absorbing.

Another marked trend of the year was toward the thriller of big business. A few years ago the CIA or MI5 were proved to be as amoral as the enemy; then it was the FBI's turn. Now grasping international combinations are ready to put the world at risk in order to dominate the oil supply, satellite communications, or the peanut market. One of the best such books, and representative of the subgenre, was Robert L. Duncan's *Temple Dogs* (Morrow; \$8.95), which is set in Korea and Japan and which turns upon well integrated research into the use of the computer. A variant on the theme is the tale of the small-time businessman who is also a crook, the stockholder swindle, and the shyster lawyer who makes everything come right for Mr. Bad. Elmore Leonard, in *Unknown Man No. 89* (Delacorte; \$8.95), combines standard elements with *The Box*—the plot by which a not-so-innocent likable figure is slowly placed into a situation from which he cannot hope to extricate himself, and does—and shows himself to be a solid performer with a hard-boiled literacy.

Then there were all those short stories. Collections poured from the publishers: Alfred Hitchcock presenting *Stories That Go Bump in the Night* (Random House; \$8.95), Arthur Maling editing a series based on disappearances, *When Last Seen* (Harper & Row; \$10.95); Ellery

Queen presenting some polyglot *Champions of Mystery* again (David; \$8.95); Simenon represented by nine stories for *Maigret's Christmas* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$8.95); Michael Gilbert drawing all of his London procedural short stories about Patrick Petrella together as *Patrella at Q* (Harper & Row; \$8.95). Despite some attractive features about the last, none of them work. Some critics maintain that the short story is the best form for the mystery to take; I maintain that it is the worst. Petrella may be a pleasant person to have around, but he becomes insufferable when he solves a dozen cases in a two-hour read, always right and always at the same pace. The short story is to the mystery what soccer is to football: simply so perfect in the shape of its specific moments, and so predictable as to what must be done, as to eliminate all element of suspense, all misdirecting, all second guessing. Has anyone ever heard of a Monday morning quarterback in soccer?

By year's end, one body of literature, James and Hill notwithstanding, threw a longer shadow than any other: the spy/adventure thriller as written by a literate Englishman. Penguin reprinted three of Geoffrey Household's spare, perfectly wrought books, beginning with *Rouge Male* (\$1.95), and promised more to come. And John le Carré made that cover of *Time* for *The Honourable Schoolboy* (Knopf; \$10.95), with all his Anglicisms intact, Knopf knowing a

good thing when he sees it. In a lengthy yet oddly indefinite story, Stefan Kanfer managed to make le Carré sound as distant as the Kremlin, the article being filled with much speculation and little fact. Kanfer's closing speculation was something of a non-question—can the spy novel continue to grow without losing its value as entertainment?—for it implied a continued double standard, as though Dickens, or Twain, had not grown without losing their ability to entertain. The article did serve to put George Smiley's name on the lips of those who still think of a *Time* cover story as America's secular canonization, without giving the game away. The question remained, was *The Honourable Schoolboy* the best spy novel ever?

No, it isn't. It is wordy at times, and le Carré's desire to write "more than" a spy novel is apparent too often. But it is certainly the year's best, and perhaps the decade's best. It is proof that the spy story is alive and well. The tone is dry, like T. S. Eliot reading his poems aloud. The mood is disillusioned yet not cynical. Sweeney is among the nightingales here. Somehow it seems right that a year so mixed in its baggage should have ended with a book which poses a question:

It's so elegant

So intelligent

'What shall I do now? What shall I do?'

Robin W. Winks writes regularly on mysteries for *TNR*.

if not wholly successful, is Gregory Benford and Gordon Eklund's *If The Stars Are Gods* (Berkley-Putnam; \$7.95), a development of their award-winning novella of the same title into a series of loosely connected stories of uneven quality.

Clearly the best of current American work is Frederick Pohl's *Gateway* (St. Martin's; \$8.95), an excellent novel and a fine example of how the materials of a science-fictional adventure story can be pressed into significance. The *Gateway* of the title is an abandoned interstellar terminal, the product of an extinct alien civilization, but still equipped with hundreds of operable ships programmed for faster-than-light travel to distant stars. Each journey is a desperate gamble: one may emerge in the vicinity of a supernova and be instantly killed or in the vicinity of some alien artifact of enormous value. The story, dominated by the lottery metaphor, conveys a vivid sense of the pathos and absurdity of human ignorance in attempting to exploit a barely understood universe. Pohl's touch is always light and sure, and, indeed, parts of the novel are extremely funny. Alternating with the adventure story are serio-comic scenes reminiscent of *Portnoy's Complaint* in

Mark Rose on science fiction

This is the year that gave us *Star Wars*. Take one bold youth, one lovely princess and two comic robots, blend with a measure of vapid mysticism into a tale of revolutionaries triumphing over an evil Galactic Establishment, and what you have is the sort of thing that gives science fiction a bad name. Nevertheless, there is a certain vitality in the film with its good humored immersion in pop formulas, its racy special effects, and its quasi-parodies of old war movies and westerns. I confess to some discomfort about my own failure to enjoy *Star Wars*. Surely serious science fiction is by now sufficiently established as an important literary form that the popular success of a swashbuckling space opera cannot threaten its mature dignity. And yet, at

least on the basis of the current year's production, science fiction, at any rate American science fiction, probably ought to feel threatened. It has not been, so to speak, a stellar year.

We have had books from, among others, such competent writers as Philip K. Dick (*A Scanner Darkly*; Doubleday; \$6.95), Joe Haldeman (*All My Sins Remembered*; St. Martin's; \$7.95), Frank Herbert (*The Dorsai Experiment*; Berkley-Putnam; \$8.95), and Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle (*Lucifer's Hammer*; Playboy Press; \$10). None is as good as the authors' earlier work would lead one to hope. Algis Budrys's *Michaelmas* (Berkley-Putnam; \$7.95) is a cut above these, but the novel starts hares that it never pursues, collapsing finally into melodramatic plotting. Also interesting,

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which Bob Broadhead, who has made his fortune in the Gateway lottery at the expense of abandoning the woman he loves, attempts to exorcise his guilt in therapeutic sessions with a computer psychiatrist. The idea of a computer shrink is not original, but I have never seen it developed so well before, and the image resonates beautifully with the larger image of the incomprehensible machine of the extinct alien civilization.

What sets *Gateway* apart from other American science fiction this year is "vision." In the last decade or so, as writers have largely abandoned any pretense of "prediction" or even of "probability," it has become increasingly clear that science fiction is really a special literary language composed of such motifs as spaceships, aliens, and intelligent machines. As a literary language science fiction has disadvantages and advantages—it is, for example, particularly well suited to playing with broad social and philosophical themes—but, finally, it is of value only for what it can be made to say. *Gateway* may not be as rich as such classics as Walter M. Miller's *A Canticle for Leibowitz* or Ursula K. LeGuin's *The Left Hand of Darkness*, but it does "say something."

Gateway excepted, the most interesting science fiction this year comes from abroad. American readers have recently been discovering the fine Polish writer Stanislaw Lem whose brilliant *Solaris* is available in English along with about half a dozen other titles. Michael Kandel, who does the best English translations of Lem, has collected 14 stories that deal with various sorts of artificial men. Published as *Mortal Engines* (Seabury; \$9.95), the stories range from such whimsical flights as "How Erg the Self-Inducting Slew a Paleface" or "Tale of the Computer That Fought a Dragon" to the powerful, Kafkaesque "The Mask" in which a robot programmed to assassinate a political figure gradually comes to self-awareness and a determination to test whether it possesses free will. *Mortal Engines* is relatively minor Lem, but even minor Lem is very much worth having.

Most readers are probably unaware that there is a great deal of Russian science fiction. To rectify this situation Macmillan has initiated a series, the "Best of Soviet Science Fiction," with two volumes by Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, *Roadside Picnic* and *Tale of the Troika* (\$8.95) and *Prisoners of Power* (\$9.95).

Roadside Picnic, the more important of the two novellas in the first volume, is somewhat similar in theme to *Gateway*.

Again we have a satiric fable of attempts to exploit the leavings of an advanced alien civilization, but, whereas Pohl's universe is a grotesque lottery, the Strugatskys' vision is more nearly tragic. Here aliens have visited earth and departed, evidently without noticing that the planet is inhabited. The zones in which they landed, now under UN control, have been strangely transformed by the aliens' presence and are dangerous to enter. There are, however, valuable artifacts to be found and a culture has developed of "stalkers," thieves who venture into the zones by night. The story treats the supposedly romantic but in fact quite wretched life of one of these stalkers, leading to the moment when he comprehends his own desperation. As in Pohl's story, the alien culture theme is employed to convey a sense of human ignorance, but the Strugatskys' treatment of the stalker Red Schuhart is sympathetic, and in its vision of blind, suffering humanity *Roadside Picnic* is distinctly Russian. It is also distinctly socialist—part of the satire is directed at the dehumanizing ugliness of the commercial world that has made men like Schuhart into



Drawing by Elliott Banfield

scavengers.

Prisoners of Power is a science-fictional *bildungsroman* and a meditation on how to attain the good society. Maxim, a comically naive youth from a utopian future, is stranded on an alien planet that is a social nightmare. Loyalists, brainwashed by radiation towers that prevent them from thinking, are locked in a senseless war with revolutionary "degenerates." But the revolutionaries, lacking any positive vision, are as hopeless as their adversaries. The issue is how to restore such a brutalized world to a human way of living, and the book takes us and Maxim through a series of

progressive revelations that suggests how very difficult the problem is. The Strugatskys are impressive in their refusal to settle for simplistic solutions such as "liberation." Moreover, the treatment is deft and often humorous, poking fun at bureaucracies, armies, revolutionaries, and utopian idealists alike. Where *Prisoners of Power* betrays its origins is not in any ponderousness that we may associate with Soviet art but in its assumption that the nature of the ideal society is not in question, only how to make it.

Kingsley Amis is no newcomer to science fiction. Nearly twenty years ago he delivered a series of lectures at Princeton that stands as an early landmark in the history of the form's critical acceptance. Subsequently published as *New Maps of Hell*, his discussion, though dated, remains one of the few critical books on the subject worth rereading. Amis's latest book, *The Alteration* (Viking; \$7.95), is labelled by the publisher simply "a novel" but it is science fiction. At least it is if "alternate universe" stories—tales that assume that history has somewhere taken a course other than the one we know—count as science fiction. (Lest his readers have any trouble on this point, Amis works into his novel a discussion of whether Philip K. Dick's *The Man in the High Castle*, a fine alternate universe story, is science fiction. His characters conclude that it is.) The assumption behind *The Alteration* is that the Reformation never occurred: Martin Luther became Pope. The title, however, also refers to the question of whether young Hubert Anvil, a virtuoso boy soprano, is to be made a castrato to satisfy the vain ambitions of members of the Church hierarchy, including a philistine Pope who wishes to be remembered as a patron of the arts. The novel is a wonderfully inventive study in petty tyranny, dominated by the metaphor of castration which applies to the whole nasty world—it is a world without spunk—that Amis imagines to have resulted from his alteration of history. *The Alteration* is first-class science fiction, but, more, it is along with *Lucky Jim* and *The Green Man* one of Amis's very best books. And when a writer of Amis's caliber discovers that he can do his best work through science fiction then perhaps we need not, after all, be threatened by Darth Vader and his monstrous Death Star.

Mark Rose is professor of English at the University of California at Santa Barbara.

Books Considered

Conflict and Crisis

The Presidency of Harry S. Truman 1945-1948

by Robert J. Donovan

(Norton; \$12.95)

It has become quite widely fashionable to regard Harry S. Truman as an exemplar of our virtues. Take anyone off the street, it implies—anyone like me—and, if put in the White House, the power of the Presidency will be used to discipline those who get above themselves and threaten our liberties as well as those who have a weakness for any sort of formal planning. This, of course, infuriates those who are vaguely designated as “intellectuals.” They regard Truman as having been a disastrous result of ramshackle electoral procedures. He was a good example of what results when vice presidential candidates are chosen by an already nominated presidential candidate for their single ability to carry a doubtful constituency. They point out that seven of those chosen in this way have succeeded to the Presidency and that the office has been filled by them for many years. Mostly they were mediocre or something less. Truman was one of a company that includes Tyler, Andrew Jackson, Fillmore, Arthur and Coolidge. Theodore Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson unexpectedly turned out better.

Truman's biographers and television portrayals have struck a popular vein by enlarging on this theme of the ordinary individual transformed by the office and suddenly become competent for its duties. Was Truman transformed, or did he remain what he had been all along? He was chosen for the familiar reason. The party managers told Roosevelt that his fourth term was doubtful if he kept Wallace who was then Vice President and hopelessly unpopular. William O. Douglas, a certified New Dealer whom he favored would further provoke the already disaffected Southerners. But Truman, a 10-year Senator, had demonstrated his party loyalty and had done an acceptable job as chairman of a Senatorial committee to oversee the war effort. Besides he had no radical reputation. Roosevelt, tired and ill, allowed it to happen. The “intellectuals” were unhappy, but they still had Roosevelt. He was obviously ill but he was only 62.

In this book Robert J. Donovan describes this unpropitious beginning

and then follows Truman's performance from Roosevelt's death in 1945, when the war was in its last months, through the turbulent years to 1948 when, besieged on all sides and abandoned by those who should have supported him, he nevertheless won reelection—and vindicated the common man theory.

Neither view of Truman will find satisfactory support in Donovan's account. It relies too dutifully on the ample records by now available; it is too professionally reportorial. It had, of course, to begin with the events of 1945: the botched United Nations, the quarrel with Russia about Poland, and the suddenly relaxed disciplines of industrial reconversion. This phase is characterized in a long sentence. Events “broke about his head with thunder, lightning, hail, rain, sleet, dead cats, howls, tantrums and palpitations of panic.” Nevertheless, he says, after a spell of

apologizing for sitting at the great Roosevelt's desk, Truman quite quickly concluded that since, by a legitimate process, he was there, what he would do must have democratic validity. So he proceeded in a sharp, clear, expeditious way, looked briefly at the multifarious problems as they were presented to him, and dealt with each decisively, putting it behind him and turning to the next. He himself said that he “slept well at night” afterward, and that seemed to him proof that he done his duty.

When he was challenged and his judgment was questioned, or when it proved unpopular (his standing in the polls quickly dropped from 87 percent approval to 39 percent) in the post-war confusion, his confidence was not shaken. He had an inner certitude that rested on personal integrity, general compassion for those in trouble, and an unshakable belief in American institutions. This last included immediate and active hostility for doubters and challengers.

What he seems not to have understood was that Roosevelt had assembled for war purposes a group of able but reactionary associates who were confined to particular jobs and never allowed to touch the central levers of power. He assumed that Roosevelt

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had trusted them. Such an aggregation, having won a war, was awesome. He was inclined at first to fawn a little and allow them scope they were ambitious to possess. But his natural self confidence gradually returned. He discovered that being the President he could not share his responsibility, and inroads on his prerogatives must be stopped. The first to feel reproof was his friend Jimmie Byrnes, who had been like an associate President for domestic affairs while Roosevelt ran the war. Besides he owed Byrnes something for having displaced him as the Vice Presidential candidate. Having made him Secretary of State, however, he discovered that his appointee was disposed to make policy independently. He was abruptly dismissed. The same thing, and for the same reason, soon happened to Ickes and Wallace. By the end of 1947 it was a Truman presidency. He had, on his own, committed the nation to genocide by using the bomb, put the presumptuous Russians in their place (he was personally offended by Molotov's glacial demeanor), seen the United Nations established, accepted the responsibility, abandoned by the British, for keeping the communists out of Greece and Turkey (the Truman Doctrine), and going further, consented to the bolstering of the prostrate economies of the European nations, calling it the Marshall Plan, after his favorite character in all those he had assembled for the high posts of his government.

Furthermore he had made his own preferred constituency by sending to an increasingly tumultuous Congress a list of New Dealish proposals, putting them on the spot and forcing them to reveal themselves as the reactionary assembly they were. A Republican majority had been elected in 1946, so this was a partisan challenge for 1948.

Donovan, since the actors in this drama were now gone, had at his disposal a plethora of memoirs and archival records as well as his own recollections as a Washington reporter. He went about assembling them so carefully that almost no fact and few interpretations emerging from his account can be questioned. This is partly because he was chary of generalities. When Truman acted foolishly and threw tantrums, as he sometimes did, it was noted and set against the background of the occasion. And the times were pretty awful for a President. Economies everywhere were paralyzed; labor and management were acting like squalling cats; the Congress was belligerently

hostile; Palestine, trying to be born, was a harassing problem; race relations were acerbic; and communist hunters were frightening a public already inclined to panic about red traitors. Worst of all, the cold war was tightening its grip and dividing the world into armed camps. This, Wallace was saying, was Truman's own fault for threatening the Russians, for keeping atomic secrets, and for refusing them help in reconstruction.

All it is possible to say of Donovan's compendious account of these troubled years is that his investigations have carefully supported his own memories and his conclusions constructed to documented fact. He does not say that institutions allowing a Truman to follow a Roosevelt are a problem for democracy. Nor does he criticize the unstudied way we have of committing the nation to its future courses. As for

Truman himself, the choleric outbursts, snap judgments, and cocky behavior are all exhibited. Poker sessions with the boys, an occasional slug of bourbon, and a little cutting up with his old buddies, Donovan implies, may not seem dignified but it characterizes this man as one like many others. Anyway, most nights he simply had dinner with his wife and daughter and went to bed early. That shows that he had no use for elitist amusements but it does not prove incapacity to govern, that, however we judge it, he now grew more and more responsible. And in 1948 his reelection proved that he had correctly judged his public. The victory was narrow but it gave Donovan four more years he must now work on.

Rexford Tugwell is a fellow of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

Freud, Jews and Other Germans: Master and Victims in Modernist Culture by Peter Gay

(Oxford University Press; \$12.95)

The present interest in German-Jewish intellectuals has tended to distort the past. Jewish intellectuals living in Vienna, Wilhelmian Germany or in the Weimar Republic became models for some of the radicals of the 1960s—symbols for their feeling about America. Such intellectuals were thought to be outsiders, Modernists whose anti-rationalism, alienation and experimentalism reflected their own supposed marginality. Peter Gay's collection of previously published essays seeks to destroy such myths.

The first three essays (on Freud, Jews in Wilhelmian Germany and the so-called Berlin-Jewish spirit) state his thesis. Neither Modernists nor German or Austrian Jews fit the stereotype of alienation. Within its range bourgeois life styles and German culture encompassed such supposed models of rebellion as both Freud and those Jews who were experimental artists and writers. Both German and bourgeois culture were ecumenical and allowed for the integration of Jewish intellectuals who enlarged the permissible. This, in brief, is the thesis of the book. Unlike Peter Gay's *Weimar Culture*, these essays deny that outsiders wanted to be insiders because, in fact, they were insiders already. Alienated radicals had

better look elsewhere.

Peter Gay seeks to "refine distinctions," as he puts it, to capture the wide variety of human attitudes without reducing them to misleading common denominators. For example, the final essays in the book about Brahms and the Vienna music critic, Hanslick, emphasize that Modernism was not simply a polarity of alienated intellectuals opposed to complacent bourgeois. Brahms was both of these and more besides. Here history is refined through psychology: the complex human mind transcends general concepts like Modernism or anti-Semitism without abolishing them. Anti-Semitism becomes a kaleidoscope of contradictory attitudes instead of shared assumptions and directions. As a result it is not an opaque sheet of glass keeping the stranger out, but pieces of shattered glass among which Jews could play the "German game," as Peter Gay calls it. Here psychology has served to miniaturize history. Freud is said to have lived more in his own mind than in Vienna, but inasmuch as he did live in Vienna, he was part of a middle-class world which had no single restrictive set of rules but particular attitudes that varied from city to city. Just so, in Berlin, the painter Max Liebermann was an avant-garde artist

even while rooted in German culture and adopting the life style of the haute bourgeoisie. These are merely two examples of the many which Peter Gay cites. His essays are filled with brilliant vignettes of German-Jewish intellectuals, all part and parcel of German culture, who formed no special Jewish avant-garde or elite.

This is a radical denial of Gershom Scholem's thesis that no German-Jewish dialogue ever took place. For Scholem the individual dialogues which did take place between Germans and Jews never assumed suprapersonal significance, but Peter Gay has to prove his thesis through such individual examples. As a result his choices are often open to question. No one would deny that he is correct about Freud and Liebermann, as well as about many other Jewish intellectuals who fill the pages of his book. It is certainly convincing when Gay argues that the so-called "Jewish" poetess, Else Lasker-Schüler, was merely revitalizing a German poetic diction in the company of other German poets. That she used the Old Testament to do so while a non-Jew, like Gottfried Benn, went to the morgue for his imagery is irrelevant.

That German Jews considered themselves German needs no proof. But the problem of what remained Jewish about such Jews cannot be answered by attacking the myth of their alienation or avant-garde leadership. It turns out to be more complicated than that. Peter Gay himself stresses the role played by young Jews in rediscovering Kant. Is it then a mere coincidence that it was so largely Jewish socialist intellectuals who liked Kant as well, and perhaps better than, Marx? The names of Gustav Landauer, Kurt Eisner, or Ernst Toller, do not feature here, though their names appear more frequently as we pass into the period of the Great War and Weimar Republic. But generally intellectuals who were both avant-garde artists and political radicals are excluded. Perhaps it is precisely within the Marxist revival of the 20th century rather than among Modernists, that the Jewish component of German culture can be found and isolated.

Peter Gay rightly distinguishes between myth and reality. No doubt the particular intellectuals he discusses so well run counter to the myth of German-Jewish intellectuals. Yet, except indirectly in the essay on Jewish self-hate which deals with Hermann Levi, Richard Wagner's favorite conductor, Jewishness is never clearly defined.

Levi, a cultivated man with a wide reputation constantly debased himself as a Jew before Richard and Cosima Wagner. The Wagners were articulate racists who liked to surround themselves with talented Jews whom they could shame and tyrannize. Gay once more resorts to psychology for an explanation of such self-hate: Levi identified with the aggressor. However, he is quick to add that such flagellation was part of a general tragedy because it inhibited critical thought. Yet was it not part of a still more general tragedy in revealing the fragile nature of a seemingly successful Jewish integration? When even the voluntary exile Thomas Mann could, for one moment, give hesitant, conditional and qualified assent to the Nazi revolt against all that was Jewish, as his newly published secret diaries reveal?

Empathy with individuals of a bygone age cannot exclude consideration of the past and the future. All Peter Gay says

about his examples rings true, and yet the Jewish stereotype persisted, German culture tended to become even more exclusive. The First World War did happen, and so did the disorientation of the post-war world. Freud's thought was immediately affected: to many it seemed to change direction after the war. The social and political scene does count for something; it interacts with the individual's mind. The Wilhelmian world was, after all, the prelude to wars and revolutions: historians can enjoy the sweet melody while it lasts but they must also hear the rumblings beneath it. Fascinating vignettes of past intellectuals can illuminate the time in which they lived, but they alone cannot explain why anti-Semitism, which Peter Gay calls a disease, turned out to be cancer.

George L. Mosse

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The Trail of the Fox by David Irving

(Dutton; \$15)

"Rommel, Rommel, Rommel, Rommel! What else matters but beating him?" This was the frustrated exclamation of Winston Churchill in 1942, reflecting on an alarming series of British setbacks in North Africa. So dazzling a foe was the Desert Fox that the British commander Auchinleck sent a memo to his division leaders, telling them: "There exists a real danger that our friend Rommel is becoming a kind of magician or bogeyman to our troops, who are talking far too much about him. He is by no means a superman, although he is undoubtedly very energetic and able. Even if he were a superman, it would still be highly undesirable that our men should credit him with supernatural powers." For all the distress he caused the Allies during the war, Rommel has aroused little scholarly interest since it ended; the last full-fledged biography in English was published in 1950, written not by an historian but by a British officer, Desmond Young, who had fought in Africa.

David Irving is that most pitiable of creatures: a revisionist with much to revise and little factual basis on which to do so. The latter obstacle has not stopped him. This after all is the same

David Irving who recently suggested that until November 1943, the Nazi liquidation of Europe's Jews proceeded without Hitler's knowledge or approval. He based that thesis on the lack of any written order explicitly ordering the murders, as if it were the sort of thing one would publish in the *Federal Register*.

It is hard to take seriously an historian who refuses to trouble himself with footnotes. Having been criticized for his notes in his last book, Irving here has dispensed with them altogether, eliminating a lot of clutter but making it practically impossible to figure out how he assembled his accounts. By sprinkling the book with anecdotes about his research he implies that he has drawn heavily on new material, but there is not much evidence of it in the remainder of the text. In any case, his anecdotes don't introduce any significant new facts. The absence of footnotes gives one an idea what audience Irving is writing for; and if he hopes to attract the masses at the expense of his reputation among historians, this book will probably do it.

The Rommel legend consists of two parts: daring military genius, tragic hero of the Resistance. Although Irving's point of view is frequently vague,

he seems determined to deflate both legends. While conceding grudgingly that Rommel was "a twentieth-century Hannibal," he depicts him as a moody, erratic complainer, a poor strategist, an often indecisive commander hindered by his own vanity and self-pity. Rommel, says Irving, suffered from a "common type of officer defect"—"he was all too rapidly discouraged by defeats." No doubt Rommel was a quick-tempered man whose chronic handicaps—severe supply shortages, troops almost always outnumbered, inferior tanks, poor anti-tank weapons, a High Command preoccupied with the Eastern front—often depressed and discouraged him, which should come as no surprise. But they didn't hamper his efforts in the field, where he remained a crafty and dangerous opponent. Irving's charge is a peculiar one to make against a commander who, aside from the stunning victories that took him almost to Alexandria, conducted one of the most skillful retreats in modern military history—his withdrawal across Africa, inflicting heavy damage on the pursuing British.

The stature of these achievements grows with recent revelations about the British "Ultra" program offered in F.W. Winterbotham's *The Ultra Secret*. Rommel waged his Africa campaign unaware that the British had cracked the German code, permitting them to know most of his plans in advance. Besides giving the Allies an immeasurable advantage in battle, this intelligence enabled them to sink several Italian tankers carrying badly needed gasoline to Rommel's tanks. Irving is the first student of Rommel to have the benefits of Winterbotham's account, but he shows little appreciation of Ultra's importance in North Africa, or of the ability of a general who could fight so well under such extraordinarily unfavorable conditions.

Irving is more intent, however, on scotching the notion that Rommel was genuinely on the side of the Resistance, contending that he was loyal to Hitler to the end, despite his reservations about the Führer's judgment and his dismay at the atrocities. In Irving's view, Rommel was never in favor of a coup, much less an assassination, but was duped into lending his name to the conspiracy by his chief of staff, General Hans Speidel, who later implicated Rommel to save himself. His views about opposing Hitler were analogous to his feelings about being unfaithful to his wife, as expressed one day in France while reflec-

ting on the avidity of his female admirers: "You know," he told a colleague, "some of these girls are so darned attractive I could almost be a rat!" This incident, says Irving solemnly, "captures the essence of Erwin Rommel," the point being that however much he might question Hitler, he could never be a "rat."

This analogy may reveal something about Irving's attitude toward those Germans who opposed Hitler, but it doesn't fit Rommel's actions. As Peter Hoffmann has documented in his superb study of the German opposition, Rommel was involved in plans to depose Hitler as early as February 1943, when he was told of the "Lanz plan" to arrest him. Rommel's disenchantment with Hitler is easily traced, since he disparaged him frequently in private and repeatedly confronted the Führer with objections and demands that would not have been tolerated from any other general. In June 1944 Rommel took the considerable risk of personally protesting the massacre of a group of civilians by an SS division in France. Only a few days before von Stauffenberg's assassination attempt, he sent Hitler an ultimatum demanding that he acknowledge the certainty of defeat, with the intention of surrendering to the Allies if Hitler refused. These are not the actions of a loyalist, and from

all evidence Rommel was up to his neck in the plot against Hitler, although he opposed assassination because he thought it would make the Führer a martyr. Irving's accusations against Speidel are likewise dubious. Others besides Speidel have testified to Rommel's role in the conspiracy, and Irving's speculations are based mostly on Gestapo interrogation records, which as he admits are of questionable accuracy.

Irving is a sort of British spokesman for the current wave of Hitler revisionism that has recently appeared in West German. If Hitler is to be rid of his demon status, his opponents must be stripped of their heroic aura, to convey the point that the moral differences between the Nazis and their enemies were relatively minor. This is dangerous, besides being historically inaccurate. A man of Rommel's military brilliance and moral bravery resists such revisionism; his reputation emerges unscathed. The author has followed Rommel's trail but never catches up with the man, perhaps because Rommel had qualities which David Irving knows nothing about.

Stephen Chapman

Stephen Chapman is a Washington writer.

Pieces of Life by Mark Schorer

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; \$8.95)

Mark Schorer died in August, after *Pieces of Life* has been put together and while he was working on a biography of George Balanchine. *Pieces of Life* becomes its author's last book of fiction and it is, happily, mixed with his own memoir. 10 stories are fitted into the spaces between 11 bits of autobiographical reminiscence. It's done this way, Schorer says in a preliminary word, to provide dissonance and to show a darker "life beating beneath the surfaces of brighter, created lives." One feels reading the book that the need for dissonance is simply a justification for the natural urge to snatch up and record one's life as its end approaches; the memoir might just as well have stood alone. Nine of the 10 stories have been published before, during the 40-odd

years of a career that has included the writing of biographies, novels, critical works, and other stories. The author chose as an introductory quote for *Pieces of Life* the lines from Emerson that his eighth-grade English teacher gave him to take forward into the world: "'Twil soon be dark; Up! mind thine own aim, and God speed the mark.'" His life has now been left behind and given, in these pieces, to us.

My admiration for Schorer begins with the plainness of voice with which he opens the book, describing his birthplace:

Photographs of the main street . . . taken in the first decade of this century bear out my own first recollections: a rather broad, often muddy, rutted road, wooden sidewalks, straggling buildings most of which (including

my grandmother's little variety store—"notions") boasted rectangular false fronts, both sides of the street lined with hitching railings for horses. On Saturday nights, when the farmers from the outlying areas came to town for their weekly marketing, the street was crowded with their wagons, their horses tied up to these railings. When the weather permitted, all the inhabitants of the village would also be "down town," as the street was known, on Saturday nights, shopping, gossiping, mothers with infants in arms or pulling small children along by the hand on the rough boardwalks.

Sauk City, Wisconsin, was near to the American frontier in 1908 when Schorer was born into what was still a German-speaking village of 800 people. He and his older brother were raised on the upper floor of his grandparents' house: his mother was somehow kept at home to do her mother's housekeeping and his father was lured and held by the promise of a better house to come, provided by the supposedly wealthy parents of his bride. This splendid \$5,000 house did materialize in a few years but it was a sad house, full of tension between a mother who threatened to kill herself and a father who felt trapped by her. Other relatives, childhood friends and counselors, and Mark Schorer's wife Ruth all appear in this memoir, and all in the simple words of a man who talks to himself.

"Who is that girl?" I asked him. He said, "Ruth Page." I said to myself, That is the girl I want to marry. But I must have said it aloud, because he said, "So does everyone."

This straight voice is not that of a man confessing to priest or therapist (Schorer was never divorced, never "in" therapy); it is not so fancy a voice as one sometimes allows oneself on summer porches in the approaching darkness, nor in tipsy camaraderie; it is the voice of a man who talks with the minimum of excess and the smallest deviance from the natural meter that we use in addressing ourselves.

Bare as stones, the Schorer stories maintain that same tone. The stories are dense and weighty as stones, too, made so by a skill that can compress billowy emotion without verbalizing. It's done in the action, in the conversation and most of all by the choice of the right moment into which all will be compacted. A son at puberty prefers a disfigured, over-protective but warm mother seen on a beach to the beautiful but distant woman who is his own mother. But we are shown this by a boy imitating the paralyzed hand of the other mother in a

mirror behind his own mother, as she sits brushing her hair to the day's required number of strokes.

The pacing is awesome. In "Picking up the Pieces" we watch in a summer living room as a wife confronts her husband with the knowledge of his infidelity: the husband shouts, the wife sees her world dissolve and then re-collect itself, all to the extraneous sounds coming through open windows from the house next door where a neighbor's daughter practices an elementary Bach minuet.

And Liza, even now, found herself listening, even helping the child along in her mind.

Tink, her mind said, tink, tink-le, tink-le, tink, tink, tink—giving the phrase its accents.

One has the feeling that it takes exactly as long to read this story as it would take the child to play the minuet and as it would take the husband and wife to pass through the crisis and resolution of their argument.

There is a wonderful mirroring quality in a number of these stories: a wife unwittingly acts to her husband in the very way the friend of whom she's complaining to him had acted to her; a neighbor sees what a wife refuses to recognize, a husband and wife study a man and woman through a store window and both dream themselves as the other couple. If sometimes Mr. Schorer's characters seem to come from a long-lost generation where folks say "tipple" and "My goodness," it must be remembered that such things are still said not only in Sauk City but also in Bangor and Savannah.

Nonetheless, one does not want to be a Schorer adult. The "created lives" are hardly bright; a kind of depression runs through the stories of arguing adults trapped in self-blindness (his parents?) or of outwardly placid adults (himself in his 40-year marriage?) so used to each other as to be other-blind. Often one side-steps such comparisons between an author's characters and his own life, but since the memoir and the stories are set together here, comparison seems almost demanded. It would be better to be a Schorer child, pained by puberty but growing into a future that is open-ended and changeable, in a way that Schorer marriages (except that in "Don't Take Me for Granted") are not. The joys of his fictional adults seem to be things remembered from a lost time and hence the nostalgia that is so affecting in *Pieces of Life*.

And yet this changes in the final two works. The only story not previously published, "The Unwritten Story" is the

last bit of fiction and in it a long-married couple returns to the scene of what had been for the husband a perfect day some 15 years ago on an Italian lake. Here the nostalgia is to be exorcised, the moment recaptured and life, perhaps, to become reset in the present tense. The husband sleeps through the critical part of the expedition; and it is the wife who works the needed miracle and is rendered vigorous, smiling, looking 20 years old and able to report that she has seized the day. Of course, it is the author who had done it. And in the section of memoir that closes the book, he does it again. Here Mr. Schorer writes of his wife on the evening of their 40th wedding anniversary in a way so plain, so perfectly held off, and yet so powerful that he fuses the book into the whole it ought not to be and brings forth the tears needed to bless his effort. A life is passing by, and yet is stayed by the hand of art and held up to be listened to in these Schorer minuets.

Zane Kotker

Zane Kotker is author of the novel *A Certain Man* (Knopf).

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Night-Side by Joyce Carol Oates

(Vanguard Press; \$10)

That Joyce Carol Oates has prodigious gifts is no longer news; that she is prodigiously wasteful is no new notion either. Perhaps she'll prove, with her next 25 books, that all complaint is churlish—and that those of us who cavil as to sloppy execution have no true grasp of her intention now. And it's unfair to hope for more than she's willing to give; it's rather like asking Barbara Cartland to mass produce *Wuthering Heights*. Miss Oates produces American Gothics *en masse*, writing them just slightly more slowly than we are able to read—and they're never less than entertaining. Somehow her talent appears to survive—as if she could go on forever imprisoned in such towering word-constructs, inexhaustible, spinning gold into straw.

But perhaps it's time to adjust expectations with reference to this oeuvre. If we take it for what it actually is, rather than what it once promised, there's pleasure in the reading; if we read *Night-Side* seriously, there's disappointment throughout.

Night-Side is Joyce Carol Oates's 10th collection of short stories, and not a small one at that. This book has 18 tales, dealing—or so the publisher asserts—with the “mysterious realm of the paranormal.” It's true that William James appears in the first and final tales, that Miss Oates's characters have, as usual, strange and shocking dreams, that genius and lunacy are linked. Menace nibbles at these pages like mice; mirrors tend to show a face unlike the mirroring original. Her narrator forgets the year of his birth or insists death is no ending; doppelgangers abound. Though there are no full-fledged ghost-stories, the sense of “otherness” predominates; much of the action takes place in the dark. And everywhere one feels the little daily round of life can be disrupted—is, indeed, serviceable only as a prelude to disruption; things are routinely not what they seem.

The range is impressive. Her protagonists are young or old, male or female, homosexuals or femmes fatales. Miss Oates moves with equivalent ease through city or countryside, in America or abroad. The common denominator of these tales is not so much *donnée* or tone as a kind of anxious insistence on the moment's timelessness—as if the personality at any subsequent instance

might come unstuck. Her characters are each in terror's grip, and the first story announces there's trouble ahead: “It is not extinction that awaits but a hideous dreamlike state, a perpetual groping, blundering—far worse than extinction—incomprehensible; so it is life we must cling to, arm over arm, swimming, conquering the element that sustains us.”

The prediction proves only too true. There is groping and blundering here, catercorner to extinction and incomprehensibility. Her characters cling to and swim through “the element that sustains us,” but she seems to have lost much faith in fiction's buoyancy. Proofreading errors abound (often merely distracting, as in “. . . couldn't possible be a widow . . .” (p. 44) or “Is existence an illusion?” (p. 178). But the cumulative effect works to the detriment of sense, so that after the spelling of Europe as “Eurpe” we wonder if “MacKenzie's Diary” shouldn't be “Dairy.” (p. 137). Trivia, admittedly, but when a character writing in 1877 uses “manic” in a context that first entered English, according to the OED, in 1902, (p. 12) there's a rent in the whole seamless web. When this character discovers next—without benefit of any reproductive device, and in a parenthesis—that the babble he's heard one time only was “Walachian, a Romanian dialect” (p. 11), we need not be surprised. Given this kind of narrative and logical implausibility, why shouldn't we believe, as *Night-Side*'s title tale posits, that “*There is no death?*”

Her protagonists are far more persuasive in dialogue than monologue. The best scenes of the stories are, without exception, those of confrontation between two actual people and free from shibboleths. The dialogue at the end of “The Widows” is first-rate, and always Miss Oates has an ear for the enigmatic encounter—the true mysteries of behavior that speech can but barely suggest. When fathers plead with daughters, wives with husbands, patients with doctors, we are privileged to overhear the authentic accents of pain. When, however, Dr. Zweifel shouts to himself that “God slumbers when we live, when God awakes we die. . . . How do I know? I know. I know.”, we may accept that heavy-handed translation (“Zweifel” means “Doubt” in

German) and stay unconvinced.

Similarly, Miss Oates's beginnings are provocative and venturesome, but her endings peter out. It is as if she wearies of the game. An astonishing proportion of these tales finish with a lame little coda, while we wake up from the nightmare or narrowly avert disaster or realize it wasn't so bad. Perhaps she's working here for echoes, or some sort of after-image, but “Bloodstains” and “The Murder” turn out to be mere surface-wounds and daydreams; “The Blessing” isn't one, and “The Thaw” remains too chill. Often her antagonists are mute. They are seen at a distance, or underneath the water's surface, Narcissus-like. We spy them hurrying through lunchtime crowds: revealed in absence, or in terms of the contents of their drawers. and this becomes a substitute for dramatic rendering—an excuse for portentous abstraction and further monologue. The paranormal is the norm; the gestures those of melodrama, and the degree of authorial remove quite difficult to gauge. If personality is various and we are shape-shifters, why bother—Miss Oates appears to be asking—to circumscribe shapes?

Because art is precision, not vagary. Because it's not persuasive that, “Someone had painted the face on her. She was not sure who had done it—perhaps it had been herself.” Because too much of this seems like a stump-speech in Walachian, with the program unclear. What bothers me most about these pages is just that air of unreality Miss Oates cultivates. Her children are always threatening murder, mayhem, horrible reprisals—but the oaths have childish intonations to them, and there's nothing resonant about the private terrors. They do not signify.

Her characters cry “Foul,” claiming that the world neither appreciates nor understands them, and that the custodians of seeming-sanity are fools. The whole book feels tendentious. One feels, in fact, that such a critique would bother Miss Oates not a whit—that she's after something almost entirely alien from conventional strictures and that her more or less conventional structures are a sop. The following seems self-reflexive, though it describes the protagonist's problem in “*Lover*”: “The yearning was everywhere in him now. An ache, a wistful bewildered ache: that he might inhale so deeply, so wildly, that everything yet unknown to him, unknown to man, every secret, every terror, every adventure of the finite world, could be realized in one ecstasy.”

Death and madness are privileged topics; it's hard to challenge the accuracy of an author's imagination here. Yet such yearning feels unslaked. "Every adventure of the finite world" cannot "be realized in one ecstasy," and the ecstatic prose seems merely inexact.

Nicholas Delbanco teaches literature at Bennington College. His most recent novel is *Possession* (Morrow).

Brief Reviews

**The Kaiser's Daughter:
The Memoirs of
H.R.H. Viktoria Luise,
Princess of Prussia**

(Prentice-Hall; \$12.50)

Connoisseurs of royal memoirs will welcome this volume with open arms. It has been nearly 60 years since the House of Hohenzollern ruled Germany, and the mind of the 85-year-old daughter of Kaiser Wilhem II is inevitably occupied with the events of half a century ago and more, upon which, it may have been thought, historical judgment had been rendered. But no, not yet; here we are arguing whether Edward VII was the father of the *Entente Cordiale* or a malignant meddler in continental affairs; whether the Kaiser treated his mother well or poorly; whether things would have been different (as they may well have been) had there been a restoration during the Weimar Republic. This is a voice out of the past, indeed the distant past, redolent of epaulets and sepia photographs, but unmistakably royal: watching events with an amiable foreboding and stolid dedication to duty. It brings to mind George V's diary entry for the day he asked Ramsay MacDonald to form a government: "Today 23 years ago dear Grandmama died. I wonder what she would have thought of a Labour Government!"

The World of the Public School
edited by
George MacDonald Fraser

(St. Martin's; \$10)

The English public (*i.e.*, private) school is an institution that has about it a mystery

that is at once easy to crack but not so easy to define. The contributors to this book are all veterans of what is unquestionably a unique system of education (an opinion they all share) but which is, as they unwittingly reveal, not so different from other schools, just more mannered and demanding. Peregrine Worsthorne, for example, seems to believe that little boys outside of public schools are never bullied, terrorized, class conscious or rigidly conformist. Is that really so? *Tom Brown's Schooldays* seems not to have gotten Rugby quite right, but then again *This Side of Paradise* is scarcely Princeton. Worsthorne suggests, and wisely, that the real value of a public school education lies in what its detractors find so horrifying: its squalor, cruelty and injustice is scarcely a 'preparation for life'; life, by comparison, is a placid epilogue. What is intriguing is that, in spite of horrors recounted and complaints submitted, the contributors seem determined to send their children to their alma mater suggesting that, even in our progressive age, things remain the same. On that note, I found the photographs of Victorian Etonians and Harrovians compelling, and then I understood why: they are the same pimply-faced, loutish, foul-mouthed scholars with whom I was educated, merely the 19th century British version.

**Lloyd George:
The Goat in the Wilderness**
by John Campbell
(Jonathan Cape; £10)

Where does political power begin and end? When he ceased to be Prime Minister in 1922 Lloyd George began a quarter-century journey through what he, and most everyone, thought to be the wilderness—fallen from office and influence, a political irrelevance. It is the author's thesis, however, that far from an anti-climax, the balance of Lloyd George's career was nearly as influential, and important, as his tenure in office. He was frustrated because he naturally associated exclusion with insignificance, but he need not have been. Allied with Keynes and others, he was, throughout the '20s and '30s, nearly the sole source of ideas in that economic slough and the axis around which planning for recovery revolved.

He was the one politician continually on the minds of his successors, the permanent Opposition who was imminently expected, until he was too old, to regain office. Nearly all policy was in some measure in reaction to him. What has his example to say to politics? Lloyd George had the mixed pleasure of seeing himself vindicated from the sidelines; power and policy, as his case suggests, do not always reside in office. This is a novel interpretation of an underrated chapter in his life, and has much implicit advice for contemporary government.

**The State, War and Peace:
Spanish Political Thought
in the Renaissance, 1516-1559**
by J.A. Fernández-Santamaria
(Cambridge University Press; \$24.50)

The Cambridge Studies in Early Modern History promises to be a distinguished, if overpriced, series, comparable in scope to the Cambridge Medieval and Modern histories. The 15th to the late 18th centuries were the foundation of 'modern' times; a period of continuity and change, witnessing the explosive mixture of medieval institutions and practices with Renaissance politics and ideas, a formula destined to upset Europe for centuries, and the consequences of which we still feel. A case in point is Spain, whose medieval slumber was disturbed simultaneously by the accession of a Habsburg and Holy Roman Emperor of conspicuous ability and vision (Charles V) and the discovery of America. Spain was pulled in several directions: by the appeal of Erasmian humanism, then at its zenith, by the intellectual and institutional challenge of the Reformation, by the conflict between conquest and consolidation of Spain's medieval empire. In which direction should she pull? In a sense, Spain pulled all ways, and never managed to resolve the divisions that tore the rest of Europe apart in the coming generations. Professor Fernández-Santamaria's analysis is skillful and judicious, with an admirable and at times overwhelming command of the ramifications of Renaissance history and thought.

Philip Terzian

The Economic War Against the Jews by Walter Henry Nelson and Terence Prittie (Random House; \$10)

The Nazi war against the Jews also entailed blacklists and boycotts: customers couldn't buy from Jewish sellers; manufacturers couldn't buy from Jewish suppliers. It soon would be forbidden even to sell to Jews and take their money, which in the end went to the Reich anyway. Those who continued to trade with Jews and Jewish "interests" found themselves beyond the pale too. ("Beyond the pale," a common enough phrase. In Eastern Europe there was a pale of settlement where Jews might live. And there was a great beyond where they might not.) The economic terror waged against the Jews of Germany culminated in Kristallnacht. After that, history was etched in blood all over Europe. Of course, there had been exceptions. There always are. In neutral Istanbul during the war, for example, there lived a Jewish doctor, thought to be the best pediatrician in town. He too was on the blacklist—unless, that is, the fever of the sick German child passed 103 degrees.

Today's economic war against Israel is only incidentally targeted at Jewish-owned businesses. Its major aim is to isolate Israel from every nexus of international commerce and finance. Everything, no doubt, is fair in war, if not in love: perhaps the petrodollar weapon can win what military strategy cannot. That's the most obvious part of the story. And who can blame the Arabs? The second disengagement agreement in the Sinai pledges Egypt to mute the boycott. Yet week after week come announcements from Cairo of companies that have been put on the index. Some major companies, however, manage to stay off. The Arabs need them too much. What is shocking, nonetheless, is the pattern of capitulation by western empires of corporate and individual wealth to the effort to strangle the Jewish state.

Terence Prittie and Walter Henry

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Nelson are that special breed of English journalist-historians whose style can be as vivid as their subject is complex: lively, textured, precise. Christians and not special pleaders, I hasten to add, they have elsewhere written widely on Germany, the no longer fashionable but still quite apt analogy. Prittie is a mideast expert, Nelson a finance specialist. They both know the world of big money, not in myth but in fact. They have penetrated the ornate and paneled rooms in the City of London and on Wall Street. They understand the unflappable grandees of business-as-usual. And their tale demonstrates that no one can be more craven than the craven rich. The French rich are perhaps the most eagerly craven of all. But the American and the British records are nothing to be proud of.

This is not a book devoid of modest heros. RCA, Ford and Coca-Cola are some in our country. But mostly this book is an analytic narrative of avarice and cowardice among the mighty. Some of the biggest American banks and securities houses are discreet enforcers of this high-stakes thuggery.

Nelson and Prittie have performed an enormous service to the full truth, regardless of whom it embarrasses.

Martin Peretz

Correspondence, from page 7

nevertheless, there is so much inaccurate and dubious information around and that the numbers of Barron and Paul are so large that even if they are wrong the true numbers must still be horrendous, that he is "certain" something terrible is going on in Cambodia.

A short course in the history of science would perhaps benefit Mr. Kondracke. Consensus did not make the earth flat, nor did it make the earth the center of the universe. Large numbers of erroneous opinions do not truth make. If one is concerned in the truth of what has happened in Cambodia, and not merely desirous of whipping up some anti-communist hysteria, one should use intellectually rigorous and honest techniques, as Barron and Paul most certainly did not. I refer the interested reader to the article by Noam Chomsky in *The Nation* which appeared in June, four months earlier than Mr. Kondracke's article, but which nonetheless devastatingly exposes it.

Philip Protter
Princeton, New Jersey

TRB, from page 2

great lengths to keep the Senate informed with secret briefings and frequent appearances of top experts, including explanations by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance.

In a hiatus of leadership in the foreign relations committee the background hearings have come under hard-line Scoop Jackson and his brainy assistant Richard Perle in the armed services subcommittee. Jackson vainly fought confirmation of Paul Warnke as arms negotiator and has dug in his heels since. Here's how it works. Robert Kaiser, writing in *The Washington Post* of November 8, noted that two weeks before, "a source on Jackson's staff gave *The Washington Post* an account of Vance's first appearance"—before the subcommittee. He was ridiculed as "ill-prepared" and "out-of-it."

Then came a more elaborate account from hard-line columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. Vance's performance this time before Jackson, they reported, "bordered on the disastrous." They said Jackson was "tough, really brutal" on Vance, and they quoted unnamed informants asking if Jimmy Carter were "a utopian disarmer" of the Bryan type.

Simultaneously former deputy secretary of defense Paul Nitze, one-time SALT negotiator for Nixon and now spokesman for the right-wing Committee on the Present Danger, entered the battle. At a press conference he announced with apparent pride that he had the secret details of America's position, which he revealed in what George McGovern called "an appalling act of recklessness and irresponsibility."

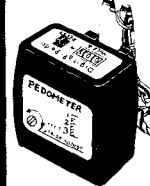
Things moved faster. Senator Culver and others demanded an investigation of the "torrent of leaks." Embarrassed Jackson said he "deeply regretted" the Evans and Novak column which he repudiated. *Aviation Week* appeared with full details and analysis evidently based on classified information. Evans and Novak, stung by Jackson's rejection, icily suggested that maybe Scoop isn't reliable, and that he may ultimately "prove more Democrat than hawk, and put party over principle."

President Carter told out-of-town editors that news leaks make it very difficult. The Soviets have complained, he said. "I don't know where the blame lies." If SALT II arrives he will try "immediately" for SALT III.

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Washington, D.C. 20036

This week in New York there was an arcane media event, arcane in the sense that only the initiated attended. It was the "Annual Publishing Conference and Exposition" called "Face to Face" and sponsored by *Folio*, "The Magazine for Magazine Management." The interest for *The New Republic* in these affairs is to keep up with the state of the art. Two main concerns of any publisher are how to bring in more money and how to spend less. Publishing a magazine like *TNR* is not much of a science. It is more akin to pulling two rabbits out of one hat, in a sleight-of-hand trick that requires a good deal of practice. One therefore tends to look in at the exhibits of those companies involved in printing, paper, fulfillment, and typesetting, where someone may be waiting to demonstrate a new magic trick that will save you money.

As for printers, almost every one of them can do something better and cheaper in a particular line than anyone else can, has some competitive edge that keeps it in business. Location is an important factor because it affects the cost of shipment and mailing the magazine to newsstands and subscribers. Some printers choose odd—even desperate—ways to try to distinguish themselves. There is a printing plant in New Hampshire that bills itself as "The Printer with a Special Point of View." The particular view on the brochure is of a rapids in a river, a spot where any kayak enthusiast would gladly visit from time to time for a run through the standing waves of the rock-strewn river. A publisher searches for the perfect printer with the same enthusiasm and tenacity as that of the surfer masters who will settle for nothing less than the perfect wave. Because of the variety of services that go into printing a weekly magazine such as *The New Republic*, there are myriad tradeoffs and compromises in selecting a printer. But the bottom figure on the weekly printing bill usually has a beneficial clarifying effect on our thinking in such matters. Costs of everything go up every year, even every six months. The trick is to find a printer who for whatever reason is not placing you among the advance troops marching up the cost spiral.

Paper manufacturers and suppliers were out in force at the *Folio* convention, with the jolly appearance of the cat that just swallowed the canary. Some years ago, when the demand for magazine-grade coated paper began to rise, the response of the manufacturers was to try to increase production. Of late, however, these wise fellows have taken another course: leave capacity more or less constant and raise the prices once, twice or more per year. This seems to do wonders for the pulp makers' profits,



New Magazine Technology
by Michael Crawford

but it brings despair to those of us concerned with holding the line on costs, to avoid as long as possible raises in our own subscription and advertising rates.

Fulfillment. Now there is a word that at first blush one associates with Philip Roth's, *The Professor of Desire*. In the magazine trade, however, fulfillment has a more mundane word meaning; having to do with the billing of subscribers, the renewal efforts, change of address, and the weekly mailing labels for sending you the magazine. We believe that we have one of the most efficient fulfillment houses in the business, but I also fear that over that past 10 years I may have written to most of our readers at one time or another about problems with their subscriptions. This is a good way to become acquainted on a first name basis with each subscriber, although perhaps not the happiest method.

The revolution in typesetting still goes on, as the old lead "hot type" has been almost completely replaced by the "cold

type" or photo composition. Another trend is that more and more publications are doing their typesetting "in-house" (then sending the finished product off to the printer), something *TNR* has been doing for three years. One concern in taking this route is to buy equipment that you can expect to use for a number of years. Mergenthaler Linotype, which gained fame with its classic Rube Goldberg machines that spewed out solid lines of lead type, is big now in cold type and warns in its presentation that we are faced with the "Survival of the Fittest." The brochure features a hirsute Darwin looking over their wide variety of equipment. Evolution in typesetting equipment does indeed proceed at an astonishing clip. All these cold type manufacturers have a nasty habit of giving their models names that end in "2," or that indicate to customers in some other way that last year's purchase already is obsolete.

But that's progress in America. *TNR* uses old-fashioned perforated tape in its computers instead of the new floppy plastic discs. The equipment we have is loved by the staff, however, and that seems to help. The names of the computers are "Peter" and "Muffin" and when all is well they "beep" contentedly back and forth to each other.

It may well be possible through new "on-line" methods of setting copy to do without a number of stages in the writing process altogether. For *TNR* I should hope this will be way in the future, for the prospect of spiriting away John Osborne's manual Royal standard, model 440, or persuading Roger Rosenblatt to put aside his quill pen in favor of a video screen, is too horrible to contemplate.

It is not unexpected, I suppose, that the exhibit that attracted the most attention was that of A. Hoen & Co., quality book lithographers since 1835, who had set up an old hand press, complete with an apron-clad, white-haired pressman. On a carefully carved stone, this gentleman ran off right before your eyes, on fine quality parchment, facsimile copies of the Declaration of Independence.

R. J. M.

It's Pay Up Or Quit

For Ollie Robinson and 36 co-workers for the Housing Authority of Kansas City, Mo., the wheels of justice are rolling, but slowly.

Without the help of a national legal foundation they might not be rolling at all.

When Ollie Robinson first came to work for the Housing Authority in 1960, there was no union. Robinson voluntarily joined the union in 1966, when it came in, because he believed workers needed the protection of strong labor unions.

All new employees hired by the Housing Authority after July, 1966, for maintenance jobs were forced to join the union and pay dues to keep their jobs. However, he didn't know that Missouri state law prohibits public officials and unions from requiring public employees to join a union to work for their own government.

One day Ollie Robinson and his co-workers started paying more attention to "their" union. Officials doubled their dues — without asking them.

Robinson and his co-workers tried to resign from the union but were told they couldn't. They had

no money for a lawyer. Many were afraid of losing their jobs.

Finally, one of them contacted the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation and the wheels of justice started moving. A law suit was filed. The Housing Authority quickly agreed to a consent decree — permanently preventing it from requiring employees to maintain union membership to keep their jobs.

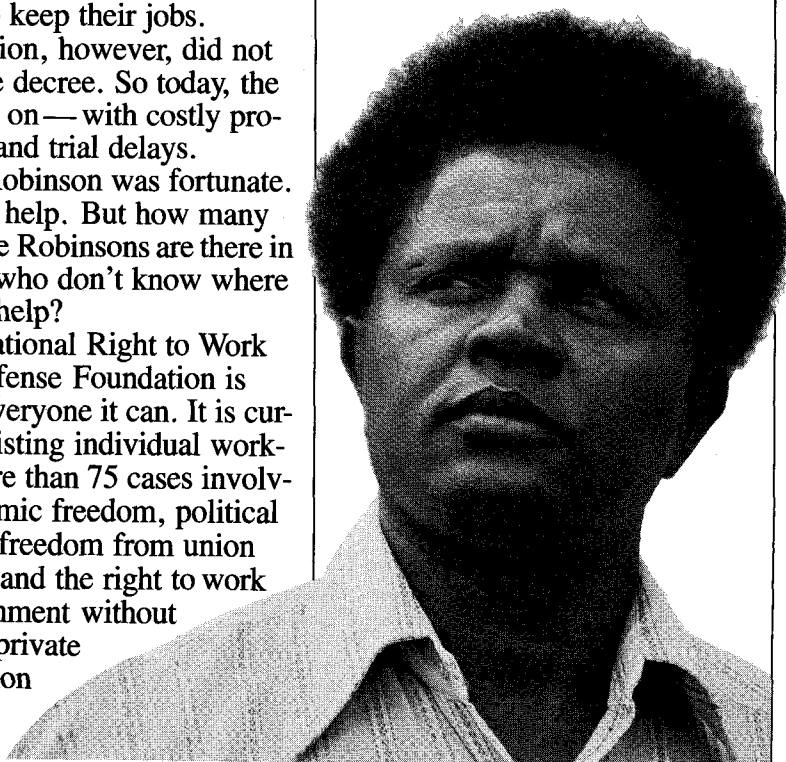
The union, however, did not join in the decree. So today, the fight goes on — with costly proceedings and trial delays.

Ollie Robinson was fortunate. He found help. But how many other Ollie Robinsons are there in America who don't know where to go for help?

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can. It is currently assisting individual workers in more than 75 cases involving academic freedom, political freedom, freedom from union violence, and the right to work for government without paying a private organization for that privilege.

For more information on how you can help workers like Ollie Robinson write:

The National Right to Work
Legal Defense Foundation
Suite 600
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Fairfax, Va. 22038



Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

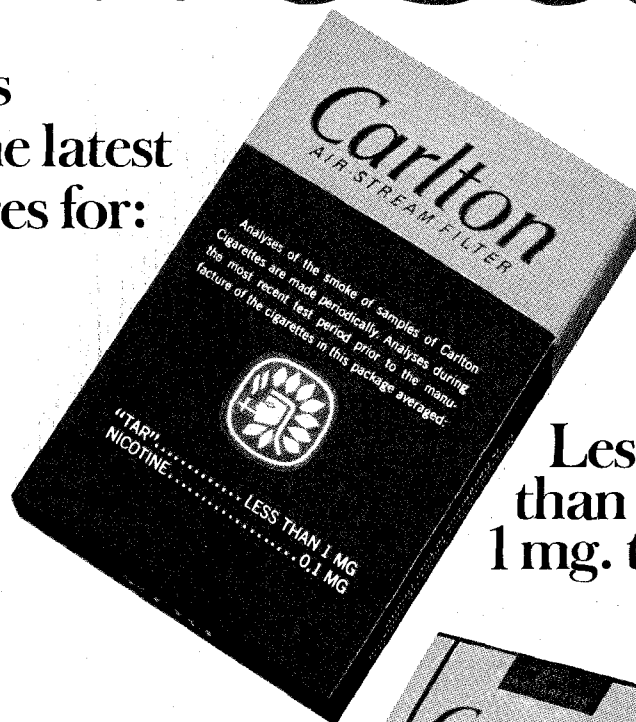
See how Carlton stacks
down in tar. Look at the latest
U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Brand D	12	0.8
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Brand M	8	0.6
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

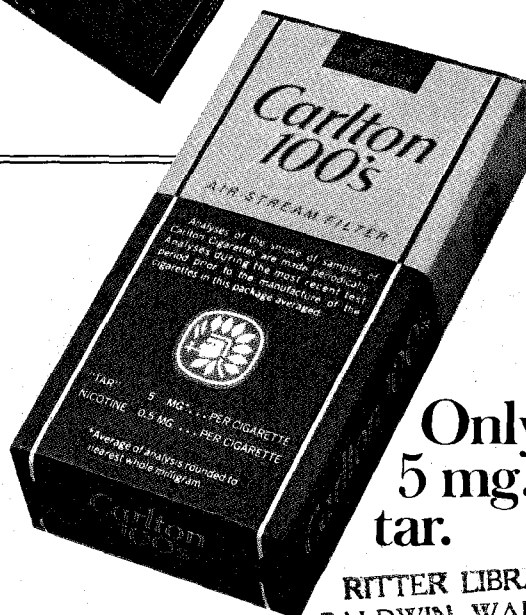
Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box:

1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette
by FTC method.



Less
than
1 mg. tar.

Carlton
brings you
the lighter
100.



Only
5 mg.
tar.

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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